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NE OF THE STRANGEST STORIES EVER WRITTEN. WATCH FOR

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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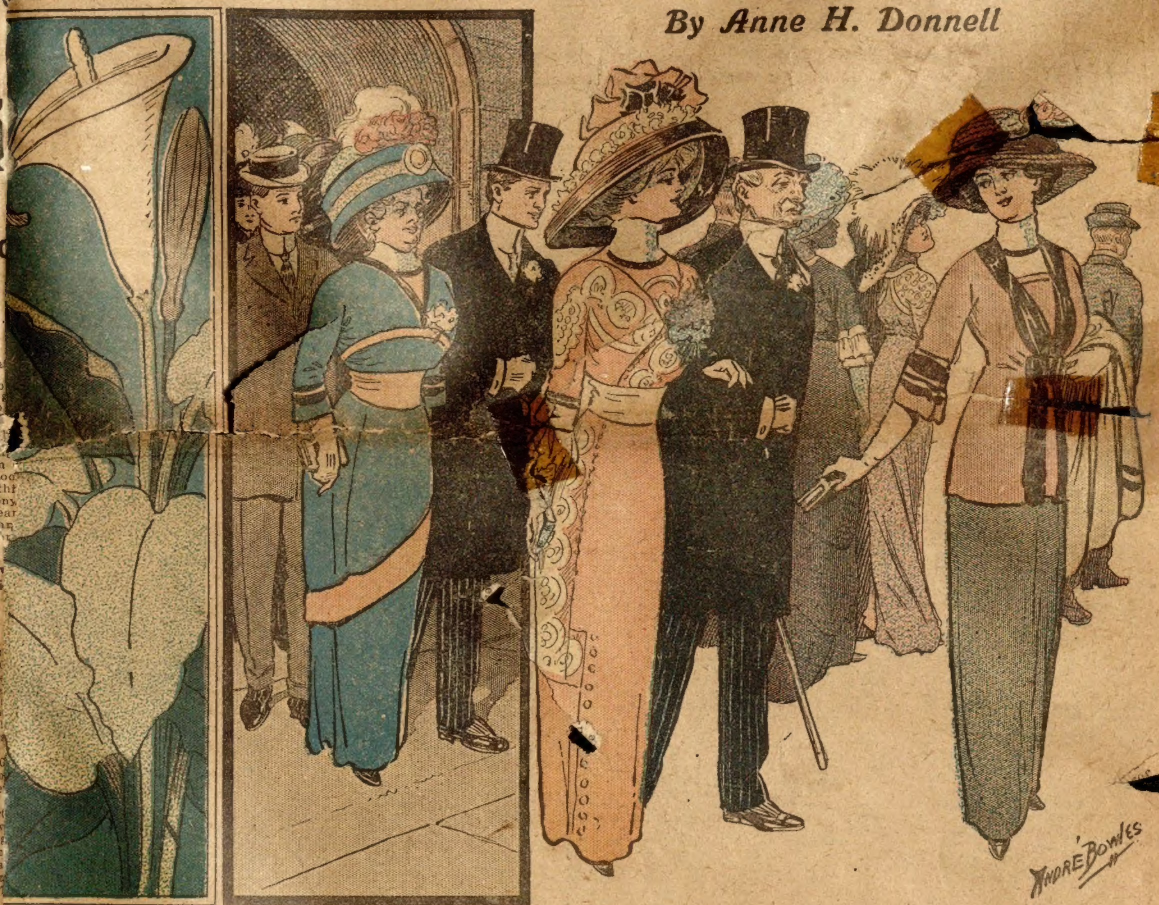
IER EASTER LILY

By Anne H. Donnell



I'VE come a-begging."

The slender figure on the step-ladder, washing Mrs. Kennett's conservatory windows, turned at the sound of the fresh young voice.

"But I never encourage beggars!" laughed Mrs. Kennett the open doorway.

hen make an exception of me—I t to be encouraged!" Josephine Fairther cried. "I've had such a disaging time so far, Mrs. Kennett! ody's got any lilies, and everybody's niums and begonias and things are strike and won't blossom for Easter. re my main dependence!"

h, it's Easter you're begging for, is Well, I'm going to relent, Miss Josee, and invite you in! But don't tell ody—don't put any cabalistic signs ny gateposts for other beggars to !"

The girl on the doorstep and the stately woman in the doorway laughed in subdued concert. On the step-ladder the slender figure turned to its work again, and something like a sigh stirred the scant folds of its dress.

It was easy to see what went on inside the conservatory, and it was directly there that Mrs. Kennett led her visitor. They went about from pot to pot, parting the leaves gently, in search for buds. Now and then Josephine Fairweather jotted down a memorandum on her pretty ivory tablets. Her vivacious little face took on smiles and enthusiasm. The woman on the step-ladder could hear her laugh through the glass. Presently she came out.

"Oh, I feel just too encouraged for anything, Mrs. Kennett!" she was saying. "One, two, three palms, and two lilies, and geraniums galore! We shall have such a beautiful Easter. I'm not going to let a single lily in this place go unbegged! We want every one."

"Yes, we can't have too many lilies at Easter," agreed Mrs. Kennett. "I'm glad somebody's taken the initiative this year; we're such dead-and-alive folks in Silverton. Somebody has to come back from boarding school to wake us up!"

The girl on the doorstep laughed.

"You're teasing me!" she cried gaily. "Well, I thought it was time we had a real Easter here, too, like other places, so I started by begging. I'm really proud of my talent in that line. I know I must have inherited it from some gipsy ancestor. Good-by, Mrs. Kennett."

"Good-by, my dear—oh, wait! I hope you are going to sing. We want to see how you've improved at that big school."

"Yes," she called back, a little shyly. "I'm going to sing. They want me to, and of course, I couldn't stand up there without the flowers to hide me!"

It was poor Johanna Shore's busy time. She was always busy in the springtime and fall. Nobody could clean house satisfactorily without lean, shabby Johanna Shore for the windows.

Today she accepted her small earnings, but did not hurry away as usual. Mrs. Kennett noticed that she lingered wistfully.

"Yes, ma'am, there was calla lilies. I'd wisht you'd tell me how long it takes 'em to bloom out, when they're budded—real large buds, you know."

"Calla lilies? Oh, I don't know. I believe they blossom in a week or two when they're well under way. I'm sure I never really noticed, Johanna."

"An' Easter's Sunday after next, Mis' Kennett?"

"Sunday after next—yes. You must go and see the flowers, and hear Josephine Fairweather sing, Johanna."

Mrs. Kennett turned to her letter-writing, and the woman in shabby clothes went away. Her thin brown little face was working eagerly as she went.

"There's my lily!" she murmured under her breath. "It's gettin' quite big. She'll want that one, too. She said every lily in the place."

Unconsciously the narrow shoulders straightened, and Johanna Shore's figure on a gentle importance. She had [illegible] felt important before. The calla [illegible] was her one luxurious possession, and it was budded for Easter. The bright-faced girl who had asked for Mrs. Kennett's flowers would ask for that, too. Hadn't she said so? "Every lily in this place," that was what she had said.

"An' my lily'll be in bloom by Easter!" laughed Johanna delightedly. She walked on faster. She forgot that she was tired, and that her little shiny fingers smarted with washing-powder. She wanted to get home to look at her calla lily bud.

For a week she watched it anxiously. Then it unrolled into sweet white beauty, and she was satisfied. She set it in the window, close to the pane, to attract the attention of passers. She wanted it to get about that Johanna Shore had a calla lily in bloom; then the girl would come for it. Plenty of people went through Spool street; it was a favorite short cut.

Late in the week before Easter, Johanna grew nervously impatient. She watched continually at the window, sitting there with her sewing work. But no one came. On Friday she bought a fine new glazed pot for the calla.

"They wouldn't want it in that tin can, of course," she reasoned patiently; "I'd rather it would go to meetin' kind of fixed up than to go myself. I'd a good deal rather."

It had been a choice between them. Johanna had convinced herself that she could not stay away from church this Easter—not with her calla lily there among the rest. She must be there to see that.

But it was a choice—there would not be money enough for the modest little bonnet at Mrs. MacBride's, if she got the flower-pot.

"I'd a good [illegible] rather," murmured Johanna, and [illegible] and bought the pot. She se[illegible] little closer still to the [illegible] and polished the small panes carefully. On Saturday some one would come. She had told a good many about the calla. Of course the girl would hear.

But Saturday wore away. Johanna could scarcely eat her scanty dinner, and all afternoon she watched eagerly. Towards five o'clock groups of girls began to go by with pots of flowers in their arms. Through Spool street was the short cut to the church. Josephine Fairweather went by with the rest.

"When she comes back she'll see it. Then she'll come in after it," Johanna assured herself feverishly.

"She'll see it when she comes back. An' the pot is so shiny an' handsome, she'll notice that right off. She'll want that, sure!"

The chattering girls went to and fro—to and fro. Josephine was the gayest, liveliest [illegible] all. But no one [illegible]na's lily and the shining pot. [illegible] nobody look?" Johanna sobbed under her breath. She could hardly bear it.

Josephine Fairweather, going by for the last time, remembered something suddenly.

"Go on, girls, I'll catch up," she said, "I've got to run in Johanna Shore's for mother. It's about the windows—I nearly forgot. Don't wait, anybody; it's getting so late."

Johanna saw her coming. She caught up the calla and stood waiting in the door. Her lean little face was radiant.

"Here it is! I knew you would come," she cried. "I've got it all ready. I've just watered it again. The pot's real heavy, if you'll wait, I'll carry it a ways for you. I'd just as lieves!"

She was in a flutter of excitement, and the shiny pot wavered between her hands.

"If there's anybody comes along, I'll give it to you an' come right back," she added humbly. "I don't look decent to be seen with."

The girl took the lily submissively. There was scarcely time to be surprised before Johanna was back with her hood and shawl on. But in that short interval Josephine's quick intuition had straightened out the little mystery. She understood, and the pathos of it appealed to her warm nature instantly. She forgot about the windows and mother's message.

"How lovely it is!" she cried heartily. "And it's so nice for you to let us have it. We really needed another lily."

"Yes, I knew you'd want it," quavered happy Johanna, "I knew you'd come, I've been watchin' the greatest while. I'm real pleased to let you have it."

"And you'll come tomorrow and see where we put it, won't you?" smiled Josephine. "It's going to be such a beautiful service! Yes, indeed, you must be sure to come."

Johanna's face sobered slowly. She held out the pot to the girl, adjusting it with careful precision in her arms.

"I'll go back now," she said quietly; "there's some o' them girls comin', and I don't look fit. No, I ain't goin' to meetin' tomorrow, but I'm real pleased to have my calla lily go."

"Not going? Why, you must! You'll want to see your plant."

"No, I ain't going," repeated the quiet voice; "I'd rather it would go, an' I was bound it should look kind of complete for Easter. I'd a good deal rather so."

Josephine followed the wistful gaze to the shiny pot in her own hands. Her quick intuition again—she understood.

"She has no hat suitable to wear. She got the pretty flower-pot for her lily instead!" she thought, with a little dry laugh, as she walked on alone.

The laugh developed into a sob. Josephine Fairweather saw the lone white lily through a mist of tears. Through a mist of tears she set it carefully down in the front rank of pots before the pulpit when she reached the church. The other girls objected, but she kept it there.

"But it's such a terrible pot!" groaned one girl.

"So shiny and vulgar! Put it where it won't show, Jo, do!" another pleaded.

Josephine shook her pretty head obstinately.

"Change any of the others, girls," she said, "but I want this one right here in front. There's enough beauty all around it to make up. Poor little lily!" she added softly, "you shall wear your Easter setting in a front seat. It cost too much to be hidden."

On the way home Josephine stopped at Mrs. MacBride's to get her new hat. She would not let the other girls go in with her.

"No, no," she persisted gaily, "I won't have you finding out what a little goose I am—'hesitater,' father calls it. It's bad enough for Mrs. MacBride to know. Here I've been a whole week trying to decide whether to have white or pink flowers in my hat. I put it off till the last minute."

"Well, have you decided?" laughed the girls in chorus.

"Yes, I've decided," Josephine answered gravely.

Inside the shop she went directly to the point of her errand. The plump little milliner met her smilingly, but the girl's face was quite serious.

"You know I couldn't decide about the flowers, Mrs. MacBride?"

"Yes, miss, so I waited. I've got everything else done, and it won't take ten minutes to slip the flowers on. I hope it's the pink you've decided on, Miss Josephine, I do really."

"No, it isn't the flowers at all. I've decided to have the ribbon, Mrs. MacBride. You said that would cost a good deal less."

"Yes—oh, yes, it will cost less, flowers are so expensive this year. But ribbon—really, Miss Josephine——"

The plump face lengthened visibly. The great spray of delicate pink flowers lay lightly on the pretty hat all ready to be fastened on, and Mrs. MacBride eyed it wistfully. To do the little woman justice, it was what she called her "art" that was wounded. She was not thinking of anything more sordid.

The ribbon—ah, it would be so commonplace beside the beautiful flowers.

"They are so choice—they will almost take root and grow on it!" she sighed.

"How much less will it cost, Mrs. MacBride?" asked Josephine, intent on her thoughts.

There was a little space of waiting while Mrs. MacBride set down neat little rows of figures on a paper and added and subtracted carefully.

"One dollar and sixty-five cents—we'll call it two dollars less, Miss Josephine. There is the lace, you know—I shall take that off, if you have ribbon instead of flowers. It would destroy the—ah—unity."

The favorite expression slipped from the little milliner's lips plaintively, without its usual relish.

"Then I will have the ribbon, Mrs. MacBride. You are very good to let me bother you so!" the girl cried a little tremulously. She had slid off the spray of pink flowers, and covered it gently with a soft heap of gauzy lace on the counter. It was easier to decide with that out of sight.

"I suppose everybody's got a new Easter hat this year? They're nearly all gone, I see," she remarked casually, as she stood watching Mrs. MacBride's swift, deft fingers.

"Well, everybody but Johanna Shore," laughed Mrs. MacBride. "I fancy Johanna's given it up. She's been in here I don't know how many times, looking at that little brown straw over there—the one with the two rosebuds in it. Johanna seemed dreadfully taken with those buds. Maybe you wouldn't believe it, but I saw her smelling of them the last time she was in."

"Yes, I would believe it," murmured Josephine. She crossed to the little brown bonnet, and looked at it earnestly.

"It's a nice little bonnet for a cheap one, and Johanna looked really nice in it. I let her try it on," went on Mrs. MacBride's crisp voice; "but the poor woman hasn't the money to buy Easter bonnets with, I fear. I'd let her have it for $2 tonight, tomorrow being Easter, and the rush over."

"Oh, would you! Then she can have it, Mrs. MacBride!" Josephine cried, catching at her opportunity; "I know she can. You see, I've just been to her house, and I know about things. I'll carry it to her on my way home. I can cut through Spool street. There isn't a bit of risk—I know she'll be glad to have it. And I can pay for it now to save bother."

The kind-hearted little ruse did not deceive Mrs. MacBride. She watched Josephine's retreating figure with a knowing nod of her small, curled head.

"That was it, was it?" she laughed softly. "Well, I'm glad I reduced the price. And that girl will look as sweet in ribbon as any other girl in French flowers!"

Johanna sat in her empty window in the twilight, meditating. They were pleasant meditations, with an undertone of wistfulness running through them. When Josephine came she met her at the door. She took the little bandbox wonderingly, compelled by something in the girl's sweet face.

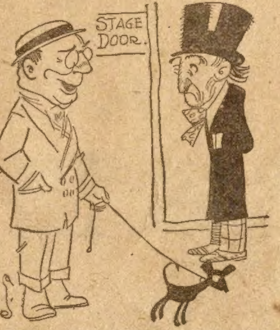
"I have one, too!" laughed Josephine, waving the other bandbox, "and I couldn't sing my Easter solo unless you were there. Besides, it's only fair, because you bought the flower-pot, you know, and let me take your beautiful lily."

On Easter morning Johanna Shore, in the little rosebudded brown bonnet, sat down among the worshipers. She sat in the foremost ranks, with a straight line of vision from her happy face to the lilies, especially to one lily among them that reared its white head proudly out of a shiny pot.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead," chanted a girl's sweet voice in her ears, and her happy heart was in tune with the song of thanksgiving and worship.

* * *

With the Road Show.



Wonite Stanz—When I'm on the stage the audience yells for more, more!

De Roads—More what, vegetables and eggs?

* * *

Real Politeness.

A well-known New Yorker, now dead, who during his lifetime bore the appellation "Silent," was accustomed to employ various means to deliver himself from bores and time-wasters.

On one occasion, when the New Yorker was putting in his vacation in New England, there was one native so bold as to visit the taciturn man at his bungalow.

"How did yet get along with him?" asked some one, when the bold one returned.

"Fine," said the visitor. "Fellows, I've often heerd that that man was a sullen cuss; but I want to tell you that he is one of the politest fellows I ever saw! I hadn't been settin' chattin' with him more'n ten minutes before he asked me five or six times to come an' see him again!"

* * *

He Had.

Congressman Madison was one of the subscribers to the Hutchinson Y. M. C. A. fund, and he himself told the story of how he "came across."

"One day last winter," said Judge Madison, "I was sitting after dinner in my office in Washington smoking a cigar, with my feet comfortably elevated on my desk, when a messenger boy brought in a telegram. I tore it open and read:

"Hutchinson, Kan.

"E. H. Madison, Washington, D. C.:

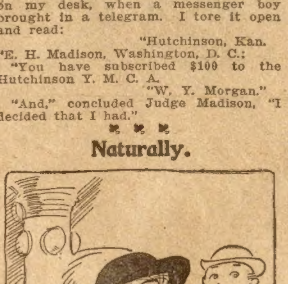
"You have subscribed $100 to the Hutchinson Y. M. C. A.

"W. Y. Morgan."

"And," concluded Judge Madison, "I decided that I had."

* * *

Naturally.



Gerald—Do you remember the foggy night I proposed to you?

Mame—I have a hazy recollection of it.

Mix This for Indigestion.

A prominent physician gives the prescription for stomach troubles that is showing such remarkable results all over the country in hospital work and private practice. Its action is different from anything else ever tried. It is said to give almost instant relief for belching, sour stomach, dizziness, headaches and nervousness, and if used for sufficient time will cure the most obstinate case of dyspepsia. "Two ounces essence of Pepsin; three ounces syrup of Ginger; one ounce Catandir compound. Mix and take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bedtime." Catandir always comes put up in one ounce sealed packages. Any druggist should have it in stock by this time or he will quickly get it from his wholesale house. For best results mix the Pepsin and the Ginger, then let stand about an hour before adding the Catandir. It will be more convenient to get the ingredients from the druggist and mix them at home. Persons afflicted with stomach trouble should get this at once.

* * *

Some Hunter.

A sportsman of great imaginative gifts and fond of telling his exploits related that at one shot he had brought down two partridges and a hare. His explanation was that, although he had only hit one partridge, the bird in falling had clutched at another partridge and brought that to earth entangled in its claws.

"But how about the hare?" he was asked.

"Oh," was the calm reply, "my gun kicked and knocked me backward and I fell on the hare as it ran past."

* * *

IS EPILEPSY CONQUERED?

New York Physicians Have Many Cures to Their Credit.

Advices from every direction fully confirm previous reports that the remarkable treatment for epilepsy being administered by the consulting physicians of the Dr. Waterman Institute is achieving wonderful results. Old and stubborn cases have been greatly benefited and many patients claim to have been entirely cured.

Persons suffering from epilepsy should write at once to Dr. Waterman Institute, 122 East 25th St., Branch 78, New York, for a supply of the remedy, which is being distributed gratuitously.

* * *

Unsophisticated.

"And why will you take up two [illegible] of my husband's valuable time?" [illegible] the social climber.

"Because I am going to do monsieur in oil," responded the portrait painter.

"Indeed! Well, see that you use the best olive oil. We are rich enough to pay the genuine article without being bunkoed with substitutes."

* * *

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

* * *

Keenly Observant.

"Do you think that college professor is correct in saying poverty will become obselete?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," replied Mrs. Cumrox. "I note even now that it is very unfashionable."

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

* * *

A Stretch of Imagination.

The Mother—Whatever is the matter with baby?

Nurse—Dunno, ma'am. I was only tryin' to make 'im smile with the glove stretchers.

* * *

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Yes, elegant Free Homesteads adjoining valuable land, from which very fine bananas are now being sold, can still be had in Mexico. You need not go to Mexico, but must have five acres of bananas planted within five years. Address The Jantha Plantation Co., Block 593, Pittsburg, Pa.; they will plant and care for your bananas on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. Bananas begin bearing in about 15 months, bringing the quickest returns of any fruit growing. The climate is delightful and the health conditions good. Should any reader desire to procure a Homestead, apply immediately.

BYE CHANCE

By ELIZABETH MASON

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

"WHAT'S the meaning of this?" demanded Jim Scott, journalist, as he inserted a folded daily beneath the eyes of Byron Chance, also journalist and roommate of the former. Scott's index finger pointed to five line spaces of agate print in an ad. column.

Being forced to discontinue his writing the second news collector poised his pencil in air while he read the following.

"Wanted—Father or Mother by dark-haired young man aged about 25 years who was abandoned in infancy by these same parents. Left arm tattooed. Address, Room 60, 865 N. Twenty-first Street."

"That," declared Scott still pointing, "happens to be our room, street and number but I'll swear that the article isn't my writeup."

"I'm the author," admitted Chance placing a sheet of thin paper in his typewriter preparatory to copying; "it's an up-to-date method of establishing parentage."

"Whose parentage?" demanded Scott.

"Mine," returned Chance briefly. "Did you think I own the name I use? The editor and staff speak my peculiar name of Bye Chance but they little know how appropriate is the title. You're the only one of the lot that knows of my past with its sickening hard luck, save Jordan. Now, you're the only one who is aware I have no name. I've adopted business methods for acquiring relations; that's all."

"For myself I'd prefer a minister and a license," declared Scott with a sidelong glance at his friend. "However, I shall be glad to inspect the parents you unearth by this original appeal; all sorts of people answer these fool ads; you'll have a fine assortment to choose from."

"At least," commented Bye Chance, "I'll try to secure a legal signature in place of this hand out."

"Light breaks," declared Scott. "When Miss Louise Jordan, only daughter of our editor weds she must receive a name plucked from a genealogical tree."

"Your inference is correct," Chance said, looking across the top of his machine at his inquisitor. "I have sworn to sign my father's name on our marriage papers whether he prove to be a flyer or a Lord Mayor."

"You better drop it," advised his friend. "Unearthing a family tree is risky business." Then changing the topic he asked:

"What's your assignment for tonight, that political speech? I'm to do the Culver's ball; swell affair and all that, but I'm in no yank to arrive. The glad rags look all the same. I use the one Jeannette Wells wrote up for the Pantlind's outbreak, just change the names and put in a few fresh colors. It's good for all winter."

"Better change the material of the gowns for winter if not the material on your pad," Chance suggested. The two soon rose from their typewriters and started for the restaurant where they dined. As they passed out of the rooming house and down the street to the nearby eatingroom the two handsome young men attracted attention by their evident friendship and their contrast in appearance. Jim Scott, fair haired, slender of build and mindful of apparel, was in every way the counterpart of the broad-shouldered, dark-eyed man at his side. Byron Chance, named by the adopted parents that later cast him adrift, looked the man of power whose hands could grasp and bend matters to his will.

Two days later Scott gleefully examined a handful of answers to Bye's advertisement.

"My respect for the result of advertising increases as I read," Scott declared as he laughingly scanned the assortment. "Here's a butcher named Rader, who, in return for his cognomen, desires you to drive his meat wagon; Johnson, an undertaker, grants the same privilege in case you consent to drive his hearse; Woolcot, a farmer, will exchange paternity for a permanent hired man; Michalak, a saloon proprietor, presents his euphonious name in return for bartending. But the cream of the lot is the suggestion of Matty Brink, spinster, who will act the part of mother to you if you will become a husband to her."

Bye Chance, without comment, tore the letters to fragments and tossed them in the waste. He then turned to his work of clicking off pages of copy from his day's notes.

"That was but the froth," he said to Scott when at last he rose from his desk. "Later we shall have the wine."

"Perhaps," admitted Chance, "but we'll wait and see."

During the week a desultory sprinkling of the same self-seeking proposals gave diversion to Scott and materially lowered the advertiser's estimate of human nature. At the end of the second week the postman left a blue tinted envelope sealed in wax with a family crest.

"Some sentimental fool," thought Chance and dropped it unopened in the basket of scraps.

A half hour later Scott rescued it, tore it open then stared in amazement as an oblong bit of commercial paper fluttered to the floor.

"That bank draft is the hall-mark of genuine parentage," declared Scott, "and you turned it down. And listen to this," cried the journalist commencing to read:

"My Son:—I have for years hoped you would attempt to trace your parentage just as you have finally done. A fortune was spent in fruitless search for you after you were kidnaped. When we meet, the circumstances of your birth and loss will be told to you in detail. Join at me at once. A check is enclosed to defray the expense of your journey.

"Your mother,
"MARION WHITCOMB."

Bye Chance seized the tinted sheet and read the given address. It was Hotel ——, Cleveland, Ohio. The two friends stared at each other, Chance with astonishment, Scott with envy stamped on his countenance.

"I suppose," said Scott, "that this draft will immediately waft you out of Chicago."

"Of course," admitted the successful advertiser; "the cash enclosure demands attention. But, Jim," he added, "that letter has a queer sound. Can you imagine a mother who has found a son after over twenty years of anxious search penning that cool, business-like epistle? But whether she is genuine or a fake, I'll use the cash to verify her claim. Get Rogers to take my assignments and I'll catch the 8:05."

Byron Chance might have caught the train with ease after making his own arrangements for absence but for the necessity of making a detour which included the home of Louise Jordan. For a half hour that seemed contracted to seconds the big journalist sat by a slender girl with hair that wilfully curled in rings of gold about a piquant face lighted by deep blue eyes.

"The name must come, if not now, later," Bye said, as he held the girl's hand at parting.

"You know I care nothing for that; I'd marry you with any name that would hold in law. But father—"

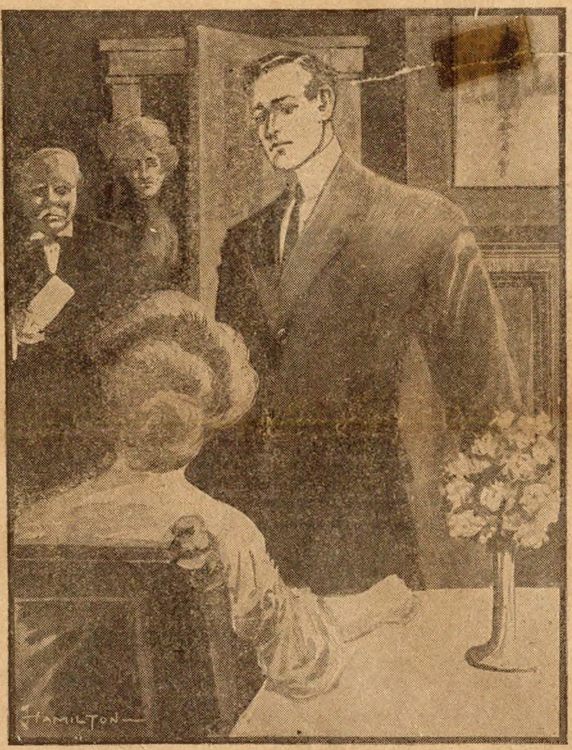
"Yes, I know, sweetheart," interrupted the journalist, then crushed her to him in a last embrace and was gone.

On a night train of the Michigan Southern Bye Chance pondered the strange circumstance of his journey to meet a woman who seemed positive of relationship.

"If," thought Bye, "this woman can name the design tattooed on my arm when I was an infant she must be genuine. Her knowledge of that symbol will convince me she is what she claims. But why should she wish to establish false paternity? My suspicions are absurd. She may be mistaken, but she must be sincere."

The train sped on beneath a star-filled sky, halted at stations, met the dawn and finally slowed up in the city named by Marion Whitcomb. The time was late afternoon when Bye Chance alighted from his cab, entered the imposing office of the hotel named and sent up his card to the woman waiting to greet him as her son.

Immediately a bellboy conducted him to the private parlor of the lady, whose name seemed magic in its effect on the hotel attendants. When at last Bye stood in the presence of the woman he had traveled far to meet he saw a dignified matron past middle age but whose black hair showed few threads of gray while her black eyes shone with the unquenched fires of youth. Her gown was of richest make but unobtrusive in effect.



He had found his mother.

"Thank you for being so prompt," she said in full sweet tones as she took his extended hand. Her black eyes eagerly searched his face and he in turn scrutinized the self-possessed woman of wealth. She indicated a chair near her own, then continued.

"It was imperative that you should hasten. Your father, who died ten years after you were kidnaped, made a will in which he bequeathed you the sum of three millions, in case you were found prior to the eighth day of this month. I was to receive a million in my own right at the same time and under the same provision; but if you were not discovered the entire four millions with their accumulations of profits go to certain institutions he wished to endow. As this is the fifth day of September we have but little time to lose in establishing our claims." She deliberately waited for her son to reply.

"What proof have I that I am that heir?" Bye asked. His keen eyes searched the woman's face as she replied.

"The best of proof," she said coolly. "You were born in Pittsburg. Then at the age of one year and five months, you were kidnaped from the nurse who wheeled you in a park of the city. Five years later, after your father had spent a fortune in detective hire, the kidnaper voluntarily came to him and told of the crime. It was a woman and it seems that her conscience upbraided her for the deed. She gave what aid she could in locating your residence, but as she knew little of you after placing you in the Cold Water Orphan Asylum, and from which you were adopted by people who later abandoned you, there was little to be gained from her information. But she provided one certain clew to your identity. While you were in her possession she had your left arm tattooed by a sailor named Anderson. The symbol pricked out in India ink was—" the woman's black eyes met the journalist's with an expression of triumph, "was the head and broken shaft of an arrow."

Bye Chance gasped in amazement. Marion Whitcomb had told him something unknown to his closest friend. Even Scott remained in ignorance of the real nature of the symbol, even after the reference to the tattoo in the five line ad.

"With this as a foundation," continued the woman, "I have only to summon this kidnaper, the sailor, the nurse and our family lawyer to meet in the courtroom where the final settlement will occur in Pittsburg. The reason no reference was made to this arrow head in searching for the child is obvious." Again she waited for an answer.

"Yes," admitted the journalist; "hundreds of applicants for the millions could arrange to provide tattooed arrows."

"Exactly," returned the widow. "As it was we were obliged to wait until the real owner of the original tattoo used this means of finding relatives. Our lawyer, Steel, was the first to read your ad. in the column of personals. Immediately our witnesses were called from the addresses we kept on file and I wrote you to join me here. Now tell me something of yourself."

As the journalist reviewed his life and told of his position as reporter for a great daily, and his intention to marry the daughter of his editor, he noted in his listener's face expressions of interest in his narrative and satisfaction in his rise to a place of importance, but not a gleam of love or pride.

That night in the retirement of his richly appointed room the big journalist thought long over the mystery of the newly found mother, who seemed lacking in maternal affection. He brought to bear on the story of his father's search and later drawn up will the keen intelligence of a trained journalist, but the evidence showed no flaw. As the matter stood, he was undoubted heir to the millions of Robert Whitcomb, a wealthy mine owner. One clause of the will gave Bye much food for speculation; why had the millionaire given his wife nothing but a life interest in his wealth? Why had he offered her what was virtually an enormous reward for finding her own child?

The following morning, when seated at their private breakfast table, Mrs. Whitcomb placed several bills of large denomination by her son's plate.

"Secure our tickets for Pittsburg," she said. She evidently wished her son to assume responsibility. She also seemed relieved that he understood the usages of society.

An hour later Byron handed his new-found parent to a seat in a luxurious Pullman and, at her request, occupied an opposite seat at the same window. Again Marion Whitcomb asked for his earliest recollections of childhood. She betrayed an interest in his plans for the future, but her manner was that of a stranger toward an alien. During a pause in the conversation Bye felt the intensity of the woman's gaze, and glancing toward her he surprised in her black orbs a distinct expression of dislike. The look puzzled the journalist, but he believed the reopening of the Whitcomb heirship would explain much. For the rest of the distance he wrote letters on his pad to Louise Jordan and to Jim Scott and mailed them when they alighted from the train the ensuing evening at their destination. They first drove to the law office.

Steel, the Whitcomb lawyer, proved to be an aged man with iron-gray hair and keen eyes. He greeted the newly found heir with much cordiality. His questions as to Bye's life and early memories were searching and his examination of the time-faded symbol on the heir's left arm was minute.

"Anderson, the sailor, will know his work," commented the lawyer. "Luckily the man still lives. The whole matter has worked out exactly as I told Whitcomb it could come to pass. Beyond a certain point we were powerless. But my plan was then to stop search and let the heir, if living, find us." The old lawyer rubbed his hands with satisfaction at his foresight.

"You will hear the whole story in court," he said when Bye would have questioned. "The case is now a civil trial between the lawyers of those institutions who wish to gain the millions so nearly theirs, and ourselves. I'll see you there day after tomorrow at ten sharp."

This ended the interview. Mother and son immediately drove to the nearest tel of prominence and waited for the settlement of the heirship. Marion Whitcomb had spent the years of her widowhood in wandering from city to city as fancy seized her. Much of the time was spent in the South, her birthplace, but certain months of each summer found her in the clean lakeside city of Cleveland, within easy reach of her lawyer, and here she resided when the five line advertisement appeared in the Chicago daily which gave back the Whitcomb heir. At his request she showed him photographs of Robert Whitcomb, the millionaire miner, and told him of the man's characteristics. According to her delineation the man she married in his fortieth year when she was but twenty-five, was of implacable temper, strong willed and successful in business. They had become acquainted and married while Whitcomb was looking up some mining ventures near her Southern home. After his death she had given up the Whitcomb residence in that city because of dislike for the place.

At the time appointed the journalist and his mother entered the courtroom where the opposing lawyers and the summoned witnesses already awaited their arrival. A number of city residents, interested in the contested millions, occupied seats used by the public. About the reporter's table clustered a number of press representatives and among them, smiling greeting at the heir, was Jim Scott.

Lawyer Steel and his partner looked jubilant; the lawyers for the charity fund had an air of bravado; the judge back of the desk appeared ready to decide according to evidence. Looking about, the big journalist saw in the witness seats two elderly women and, near them, an old Norse sailor. There was no mistaking the nationality or life employment of the bewhiskered man in ill-fitting clothes, with eyes of faded blue gazing over the heads of the people, as if looking out to sea from a quarter deck.

One of the women witnesses wore the uniform of a nurse despite her fifty years. Later Bye learned that she was head nurse of a large hospital in the city and had been identified with the place for near a quarter of a century. The other witness he saw must be the self-confessed kidnaper, and he scanned her face with interest. To his surprise the woman's features were noble in outline. Her soft hair, threaded with gray, had once been brown and was still abundant and tastefully dressed. Her clothing such as a self-respecting business woman would wear in public. There was nothing of the reformed criminal in her appearance. She turned toward the big journalist; her eyes, large and soft, met his own in one of the swift unintended glances that cause the unwary to reveal hidden thought. And in that look from the stranger was pride, love, maternal rapture.

The heir to the Whitcomb millions was startled. Could it be possible that the kidnaper had retained possession of him while an infant long enough to care for him? The thought made him feel kindly toward the witness. But the first evidence of the day was being given by Marion Whitcomb and he turned to listen.

For the last of many times the widow related the story of her marriage to the millionaire. She stated succinctly in low but steady tones the fact that no heir came to their home until some five years after the marriage. She told of the delight of the millionaire who was recalled from the West to welcome his son. The nurse who was with her at the time was engaged permanently. The woman was present. She would tell of the abduction of the infant when but one year and five months of age, at a time when she had him in the park for an airing. The father, agonized at the loss of the heir to his millions, had searched years with the aid of detectives. Then the kidnaper, also present, had voluntarily aided in the search but, as she had likewise lost trace of the child, nothing came of the delayed confession. She told of the tattooed symbol and to what it led.

Orville Case, the slim, lean-faced, sharp-eyed attorney for the favored institutes cross-examined her, but her proud, cold manner and the substance of her evidence never changed.

The nurse, Martha Wilson, next testified, and what she told confirmed the story of her one time mistress.

The third witness called was the kidnaper, whose name was given as Mrs. Mary Stewart. In tones so low that her listeners could scarce catch the words she related the story of her crime and later repentance. She gave details concerning the abduction and the orphanage where she finally left the stolen child. She told of the tattoo mark she requested a sailor to place on the child's arm before she gave it to the institution, several months after the abduction. She declared that she was not assisted in the abduction nor would she state a motive. The inference was that she wished to obtain money of Whitcomb but had weakened in her design.

Attorney Case put both these witnesses through a relentless examination but they never faltered. What they had to tell was either the truth or reiterated with parrot-like fidelity.

As Mrs. Stewart stepped from the stand her eyes swept the seats occupied by the heir and his mother, and in their glance the big journalist again saw love, and more than love, for he read in their brown depths renunciation.

The sight impelled the late news reporter to a strange resolve. It was then the noon hour and after the adjournment he escorted Marion Whitcomb to their hotel, then, in the same cab, he drove to the modest hostelry where the kidnaper, Mary Stewart, lodged.

By the influence of the bill tendered the clerk and of the millions soon to be his, he induced the man at the register to tell him where to find the star witness for the Whitcomb case. A boy conducted him to the door of the small parlor and left him. Bye knocked and at once the door opened to admit him. Before him stood the tall, sad-faced witness with the soft brown eyes. Her expression now was astonishment as the big journalist entered the room and closed the door. For a moment he stood looking at the tear-stained features then he held out his arms with the word:

"Mother!"

"What do you mean?" cried Mary Stewart aghast, gazing into his compelling eyes.

"I mean that you, the woman who stole the infant for love of it, which you try to hide, are the mother of the tattooed child."

"How did you learn of this?" she cried. "Has Marion Whitcomb confessed?"

"I have heard plenty of half truths," replied the journalist. "Now I'm here to be told the rest." With that he summarily took the noble featured kidnaper in his arms and kissed her and she, unable longer to dissemble, broke down and and wept, confessing the truth of his assertion.

"Now," demanded Byron when she mastered her emotion, "tell me the whole plot quickly, before court time, so I may judge the best course to take in behalf of every one concerned."

"You shall know everything, Byron. They call you Byron," she said with a faint smile, "and it is well enough. But I had named you Frank, for your father. Your legal name is Frank Stewart. I married your father against the advice of my people. We lived on a farm while the man I married worked in a Pittsburg foundry. Soon after I left home my parents died, then I lost my husband by one of the terrible accidents that happen in ironworks. Friendless in a strange city, I could do nothing after the funeral, the expense of which was paid by the company, but to enter service. I had taught school in our home town but I could not bear to face the old neighborhood, so I secured a place as housemaid. The family were not kind, but I was too young and inexperienced to better my condition. Then my child was born at a hospital in the city and I went out with you in my arms to face the world. It was, as you know, a hard, unfeeling world to a girl of twenty with a babe in my arms.

"The inevitable came to pass. Not being able to obtain employment with you as an incumbrance, and not having dollar of our little hoard of money left, I determined to place you in the city orphanage where I could watch you and claim you if I found that you were to be adopted. Bundling you in a cloak, I carried you to the big building, weeping at the thought of our separation so that I could hardly tell my story to the nurse I met coming down the steps. She was the woman you saw on the stand. She uncovered your little dark face with the soft black hair showing about your temples. You were especially tiny, although a month old, but strong and active. The woman took you, promising to be good to you, and I went back to the place where I was to work. Afterward this nurse came to me and told me of an opportunity given to my boy. She said he would be adopted as the only son and heir of a millionaire; providing I gave up all claim and never sought to know more than this fact. She pictured such a grand future for you that I consented to all she asked. Later I learned little by little in one way and another that Marion Whitcomb, wife of the millionaire mine owner, despairing of having a child—and having learned that the Whitcomb millions in case of no heir, were to go to charity—had arranged with this nurse, to assist her in deceiving her husband.

Mrs. Stewart paused as if uncertain of the wisdom of her confession.

"Go on," commanded the journalist. "I must know every detail of Mrs. Whitcomb's arrangement with this nurse."

"Mrs. Whitcomb," continued the kidnaper, "was one of the lady directors of that orphanage and had knowledge of the inmates. She had at some time shown favor to this Martha Wilson and she confided to the woman her plan and engaged her to assist. The nurse was to procure without the others being aware of the transaction, a male child. The babe was, if possible, to be of good parentage and dark of complexion to aid in the deception. When you remember that Mrs. Whitcomb is very dark you will understand."

"Yes," commented the journalist, "the child, to be a successful fraud, must have a general family likeness."

"Unconsciously I played into their hands," continued the woman. "When Martha Wilson accidentally met me on the orphanage steps that night she seized the chance to fulfil requirements. The next morning the city heard that an heir had arrived at the home of Robert Whitcomb. The same news was dispatched to the millionaire, who had been out West several months on business.

For over a year I lived at the same place earning wages that I had no desire to spend and eating out my heart with longing for my child. In the meantime I had ferreted out the truth; I learned that Martha Wilson was employed as nurse at the rich Whitcomb home. Always alert for news of my child I questioned the woman, became suspicious that she lied, then watched. In this manner I found out that my child was in the city and had been adopted by this family who claimed you for their own. For a time I believed it best not to see you. Then I could bear the separation no longer and I managed to conceal myself in the park where the nurse took you for outings on fine days. I had no intention of kidnaping you at the moment. Instead I merely wished to see my babe, perhaps induce Martha to allow me to hold the child a moment; mother love had driven me to risk offending the nurse and endangering Marion Whitcomb's secret. But when she passed the shrubbery where I waited the sight of your infant loveliness and the likeness you have to your father roused in me a frenzy of desire to possess you. No tigress was more ready to fight for possession of its offspring; reason was displaced by mother instinct. As if to aid me in my desire the nurse stepped away from the cab to talk with an acquaintance, leaving you in the shade of the shrubbery. An instant later I had you in my arms. Among the park trees, across the lawn, out on a business street I sped with you beneath my shawl. There I signaled a cab and gave the driver directions to take me to the bank where I had deposited my savings. Securing the money I re-entered the cab and drove to the depot. Here, as it happened, several other mothers were about to leave the city accompanied by their babies. They were wives of workmen who had sent for them to join their husbands in other places. Doubtless other trains also bore similar passengers. But to this fact I owe my safety from arrest as Whitcomb's detectives run down every possible clew of the kind. For one blissful year I reveled in the delight of possessing my child. Then sickness came; my money gave out; I was forced to again place you in an orphanage but I determined to keep close track of you this time. To make certain of recovery in case of accident I induced a sailor, home for the winter, to tattoo the broken arrow on your arm. You know the rest. You were adopted, then passed on, then deserted. For five years I made feeble attempts to find you, crippled by want of means. Then I went to Robert Whitcomb and told him all. My object was to secure the power of his wealth in the search. But, unwittingly, I disclosed to him something of which he was ignorant."

Again the kidnaper paused.

"I know," said the journalist. "It was then that the millionaire learned that the stolen child was not his own. He then found out the fraud that had been practiced."

"Yes," said the woman, "but I never suspected up to that time that the man was ignorant of the paternity of the child. He, however, continued the search. Whether he revealed to his wife or others the fact that he was undeceived I never knew. That is all; if I did wrong you must remember the cause; if I am erring now in telling you this narrative you are wise and strong enough to know what is best to be done."

The woman looked at the big journalist with love and confidence in her eyes. She believed he was capable of judging the best course to pursue in the delicate transaction still to be managed.

"I have but a half hour left in which to interview Marion Whitcomb and her lawyer," said the journalist.

"Go," returned his mother, "and have mercy on the woman who was and is childless."

Fifteen minutes later, the journalist, accompanied by the family lawyer, was admitted to Marion Whitcomb's private parlor.

"Robert Whitcomb's heir has found his mother," the old lawyer informed the waiting woman who confronted them with questioning eyes.

"But the heirship," cried Marion Whitcomb comprehending. "He must claim his millions or I lose mine." She spoke with sharp intensity. The money was her goal and she refused to yield the prize.

"Whitcomb's heir can't refuse his inheritance. In a codicil, made at the time of the kidnaper's confession, Robert Whitcomb left three millions to Frank Stewart, his adopted son."

"But to me?" questioned the widow.

"To you," said the old lawyer in softened tones, "he left his forgiveness and—that is all."

❧ ❧ ❧

"If you were to live abroad, where would you settle?"

"In Sicily, on account of the nice people there."

"What makes you think there are only nice people in Sicily?"

"The other sort have all emigrated to America."

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Or, The Airship's Cargo of Diamonds

By GEORGE T. HARGREAVES.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE REBUFF.

BEDRAGGLED but happy, Babcock and Virginia completed their journey to "The Nookery" in an automobile. Then he went on to his own quarters at Hempstead Plains to instruct Jeroc, his French mechanician, to look after the wreck of his flyer.

He found Jeroc lolling back on a work bench with Professor Jekyll standing over him discussing airship possibilities. Jeroc for years had been Babcock's closest adviser in aeronautics. He had come from Paris with his head full of information about the best points in the French flying machines and the American had been quick to scent his value.

Yet Jeroc was not a pleasant fellow. There was no problem in flying that he would not argue tiresomely. His ideas were always the best. He could far exceed in skill any aviator that ever gripped a steering wheel or elevated a plane, he maintained, if he only had the chance.

He was daring, withal. No wind was so fierce that he did not dare to breast it aloft. No machine was so slight that he was not willing to risk his neck in it. A daredevil, a captious critic, a wordy disputant, Babcock had put up with his disagreeable ways because of his technical information and his mechanical value. He never quite liked the small, shifty eyes set deeply back beneath Jeroc's heavy eyebrows. He had trouble sometimes in subduing the man's fits of violent passion. But he harbored him because he was the best mechanician in the land.

"To the moon, monsieur?" Jeroc was saying; "why, that ees no job at all. My countrymen, he do that first. You see. The Frenchman he ees ze best flyer. He ees bold like ze—ze deveel. You see, he get up there feerst."

"But you do not know of any such intentions, do you?" queried the professor, his wrinkled face drawn with anxiety.

"Oh, no, I do not know but I can theenk," blustered Jeroc as he tossed away his cigarette and rose to his feet at sight of Babcock.

"You're just the man I want to see, professor," said the aviator. "I've got an idea or two I'd like to spread before you." Then, turning to Jeroc, he gave him directions to proceed to the spot where he had left the damaged "Rapier" and bring it back to the Hempstead quarters.

When the eccentric Frenchman had departed on his mission with a smirk on his lips and a shrug of his shoulders at Babcock's brief description of his accident in the storm, Professor Jekyll burst out anxiously:

"Babcock, I just couldn't wait until I heard what Dorgan will have to tell me this afternoon. I had to come out here and hear what he had to say to you and what you think the chances of his cooperation are."

Babcock leisurely rolled and lighted a cigarette before replying.

"John Dorgan"—he blew out a cloud of smoke—"is a mighty strange animal."

"Yes, yes, I know," expostulated the professor, "but what about the plans?"

"John Dorgan"—again the aviator paused to inhale and expel a cloud of smoke—"looks like a mighty shrewd associate but one that you will have to watch every moment."

Professor Jekyll's kindly eyes lit with alarm.

"Come, come, Babcock," he urged, "don't talk to me in riddles. Out with your discovery."

"John Dorgan"—and for the third time the cigarette yielded its cloud of smoke via the aviator's mouth—"has got something up his sleeve, Professor Jekyll, something up his sleeve. You want to watch him like a hawk does a toothsome little chick. For he's playing the same hawk role with you."

"You make me nervous," muttered the professor, clasping his long, lean hands behind his back and striding back and forth before the aviator with his face bent in study. "Why these mysterious suggestions and warnings? Speak out, man, and let me hear their basis."

"Professor," the bird-man said quietly as he tossed away his cigarette and put one hand upon the scientist's shoulder, bringing him to a halt. "I am not much of a business man, I have mixed little with people. Maybe for that reason I am not a good judge of human nature. Yet I have met a few men whose presence alone warned me that they were not straight, not honest. Maybe it is because my impressions have become thus delicate and sensitive through having my senses acutely tuned to the spirit of the upper atmosphere. Be that as it may, my impressions have never deceived me. Time in all cases has shown them to be justified."

"You mean to infer that you impression of John Dorgan was of a dishonest man?" blurted the professor in amazement.

"No, I won't say quite that," replied the aviator, letting his hand drop, "but I will say he needs a careful, ceaseless watching. You have opened his eyes to a path that may double his present fortune—stupendous as it is. The man lives with but one paramount purpose—the acquisition of wealth. It is a mania with him. On that one point he is as insane as any monomaniac ever committed to any asylum. Look out for him, I tell you, professor," and with the shake of his handsome head, Babcock turned to an inspection of one of his aeroplanes housed nearby.

"But what did he say to you that makes you talk like this?" persisted the man of science.

"I went over the plans carefully with him. I explained every angle that would be intelligible to the lay mind. I made everything as clear as I could to a lad of ten. Yet, when I was all through he insisted that I leave those precious plans that he might further inspect them."

"Well, what of that?" said the professor. "Isn't it natural that if he's going to risk a few hundred thousand dollars in our enterprise he should want to know thoroughly our method of making it a success?"

"Professor," Lester look up with a faint smile, "I'm not going to argue that point with you. I've simply given you my impressions."

"But the plans are safe enough with him. He could never hope to build such a machine as they show. And, besides, they are patented."

"Yes, in the United States of America," responded the aviator with a laugh, then quite soberly, "but not in the dominion of the moon."

Slowly the professor appeared to see a great light. His eyes opened widely, his mouth followed the example.

"I begin to see, to see," he stammered, "but I'll get them back, I'll get them back this afternoon sure and then no one shall see them again except you and I and the builders. No one shall steal our precious ideas, no one," and his hands twitched nervously and then doubled themselves into vein-ribbed fists.

"Good," assented Babcock. "I see you have gathered my impression. Now just keep on watching."

Two hours later when the professor was ushered into the august presence of John Dorgan again, he soon discovered that he had need to follow out Lester Babcock's injunction.

Dorgan was gruffer and shorter than usual. He drew out the plans of the new airship which the aviator had left with him in the morning and pushed them across the desk toward his caller.

"Mighty clever and all that," he said brusquely, "but not certain enough to warrant an investment by a careful man of business."

Professor Jekyll swallowed hard. The banker's curt speech seemed to sound the knell of his cherished hopes. His hand trembled visibly as he closed his fingers over the roll of sacred plans. But he paused ere picking them up. With an effort he began:

"But, my dear sir, if men are willing to risk their lives in such an enterprise, some other men ought to be willing to furnish the funds to enable them to win the great prize that awaits them."

"I am not in the business of financing daredevils," responded the banker curtly.

"But in the cause of science, sir, will you not help the enterprise?" urged the embarrassed scholar.

"Science?" Dorgan guffawed scornfully. "Idiocy, rather. I'd sooner let out my money to a lot of hair-brained speculators here in Wall street. I'd have a huge sight more chance of getting it back."

The professor's eyes blinked rapidly at the rebuff. His upper teeth closed down over his lower lip until the flesh went as white as that of his cheeks. Still he refused to leave without a further struggle. The project was too near to his heart.

"Well," he went on hesitatingly, "if you cannot see your way clear to go into the affair yourself, have you friends, maybe a little more—venturesome—than yourself who would be willing to help finance our proposition?"

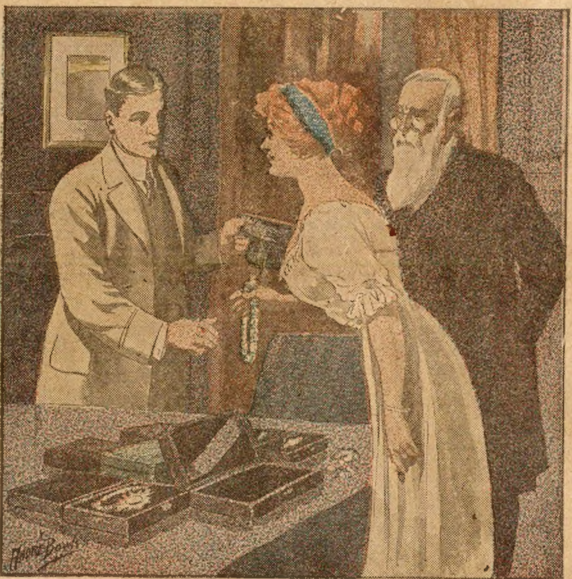
"My dear professor," snapped Dorgan, turning on his visitor half angrily, "I'd be ashamed to send you to any friend of mine with such an idiotic scheme as this. It's too foolish. Give it up and go back to your telescope. That is safe and—sane."

The professor grabbed up the roll of blue prints and clutched them to his breast. His serious eyes flashed and pink surged into his heavily lined face.

"It's not idiotic. It's not foolish," he cried. "And I'll not be discouraged by you or any one else. Give me my diamond and let me get out of here."

John Dorgan rose without a word and passed out of his private office, closing the door behind him. In a moment he was back but empty-handed. He shut the door carefully and walked close to the professor.

Leaning forward, he whispered unevenly into the scientist's ear:



"See!" she panted, "they're mine!"

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"I'm sorry, sir, but your diamond has disappeared. I put it in my safe yesterday. It is not there now."

CHAPTER XII.

THE BANKER'S BLOW.

Professor Jekyll craned his head into the banker's face.

"What is that you say?" he muttered, unable or unwilling to believe that he had heard aright. It was impossible that his precious find from the moon should be lost.

John Dorgan dropped into his chair. He seemed breathless and agitated and his eyes instead of resting on the shaking figure before him kept sneaking away to the picture on the wall which concealed his secret cabinet.

"I tell you, professor, your diamond has gone—disappeared. I don't know where. But it's gone."

Professor Jekyll's hands unclasped. The roll of blue prints fell unheeded to the floor. He leaped toward the banker with flaming eye and gripped his shoulder.

"You lie, you lie!" he shouted. "You're hiding it on me. You know well enough where it is. You're trying to spoil all my plans. Give it back to me, I say."

He shook the financier violently. One could not have imagined that so slender a physique could have held so much strength.

The banker wriggled in an effort to break the man's grip. But it held fast.

"Let go of me," he blurted savagely. "You're hurting."

"Let go, eh?" snapped the astronomer. "Yes, I will when you let me have my precious diamond back."

"Now, see here, professor," said Dorgan with an ugly glare, "you take your hands off and listen to me. I'll tell you the whole thing. Come now, be reasonable."

The professor slowly loosened his grip and drew back a step.

"Well, then, be quick about it," he jerked. "And be sure you tell the truth—although I don't expect anything but a lie."

The banker's jaws set viciously at his visitor's thrust, but he made no direct reply to it. Instead he went on slowly:

"I had you leave your diamond—as you call it—so that I might have its value tested by an expert. I put it away with my own hands yesterday in my own private safe in the vault. I locked it up carefully. It went into Box D. No one has access to that safe or that box except myself. I keep the keys in here," and he tapped a drawer in his mahogany desk.

Professor Jekyll took a hasty step forward and set his face down close to that of the banker's.

"Then how does it happen," he hissed, "that when you went out to your vault just now you did not take these keys with you to unlock that private compartment of yours?"

John Dorgan's mouth fell into its peculiar twitch. He glanced into the astronomer's eyes in a surprised way. He seemed not to have expected a mere man of books to be so sharp an observer of actions. But his active mind was ready with an answer.

"Oh, that's easy," he said. "If you'll not be in such a hurry, you'll hear the whole story. I first made the discovery that the stone was missing this morning. I had summoned Straus, the diamond expert, down here to inspect it. I wanted his opinion as to its value."

"Why so?" interrupted Jekyll. "There isn't a better judge of diamonds in the country than yourself. Your great collection is proof of that."

Again Dorgan's mouth twitched at the indication of the professor's sharp mind. His big lips pursed and he seemed to take a little more care with his explanation.

"Oh, well," he went on, "one likes to have his own opinion verified in so important a matter as this. Hence, I called in Straus. When he came I gave the keys to my private secretary, Raymond, and sent him to the vault for the stone. In a few minutes he was back with the astonishing statement that it was not there."

"I don't believe it," broke in the professor. "You must have mislaid it."

"Now, please listen with a trifle more patience till I finish. Of course I was surprised. I could not believe it. I had put it carefully away with my own hands. I went to the vault myself. My safe was open. Box D was open—and it was empty. The diamond was surely gone."

Professor Jekyll heaved a deep sigh and shook his head unbelievingly.

"Believe it or not as you like," snapped the banker. He paused a moment and then continued: "If I knew it wasn't in my safe, why should I have called Straus down here to appraise it? If I knew it had—disappeared, why should I have gone to that trouble?"

The professor's brow wrinkled deeply. For a moment his perplexity held him silent. Then he blurted:

"Well, what have you done to find it? Have you told the police? Whom do you suspect? Is this private secretary of yours too honest to take a diamond worth one hundred thousand dollars?"

"My dear professor," responded the banker decisively, "we are all honest men around here. I would as soon think of suspecting myself as of thinking my secretary capable of theft."

"Who could have taken it then?" demanded the man of science. "Maybe you've purloined it yourself."

Dorgan scoffed at the insinuation.

"Oh, you may laugh," said the professor, "but your conduct is not above suspicion. What do the police say?"

"I have not told them yet," answered Dorgan crossly.

"Not told the police?" Jekyll, towering over the banker, raised his hands in surprise and anger. His face surged red again. He seemed like some overwrought avenger about to pounce upon his prey. "Not told the police? Then how do you expect to recover my precious stone?"

"My dear fellow, calm yourself," argued the banker. "Have a little reason, too. Do you suppose I care to have the public know that from my banking house has been stolen a valuable like that? Why, sir, it would hurt the reputation of the house. I can't afford such publicity as that."

"Then how am I to recover it?" insisted the professor, bringing one fist down sharply on the banker's desk. "How am I to get it back?"

"Oh, we'll wait a day or two and it may turn up."

"We'll do nothing of the sort," stormed the astronomer, and he bent his eyes that they might look squarely into those of the millionaire, "even if I have to accuse you of the theft yourself."

The banker straightened up sharply.

"And who do you suppose would believe you?" he asked incisively. "Do you suppose that your word, that of a dreaming, impractical star-gazer, would stand against mine, that of a man of affairs with untold millions at his call? In fact, would anybody believe your story of a priceless diamond falling out of the sky?"

The astronomer's eyes opened wide in amazement. Slowly it began to dawn upon him that his suspicions that the banker had had some guilty hand in the disappearance of the diamond were justified, that this man of boundless wealth was seeking to purloin the precious bauble. His mind was in too great tumult to look for the probable reason. He only realized that if he did not recover it, his cherished plan for a flight to the moon was wrecked. A great, overpowering anger rose in him. Like a panther he sprung forward and fastened his long, lean fingers in the millionaire's throat.

"You liar, you thief!" he panted. "You've stolen it to spoil all my plans. Give it back to me. Give it back to me, I say, or, by God, I'll choke the life out of your hide," and he sunk his talon-like fingers deeper into the banker's neck.

CHAPTER VIII.

SACRIFICE OF THE JEWELS.

John Dorgan, surprised into inaction by the savage attack of the scientist, squirmed back helpless in his chair. His mouth fell open and his eyes glazed. The color of his cheeks surged to a purple.

Then Professor Jekyll, recalled from overwhelming anger to distress at the alarming aspect of the banker's face, released his grip upon the other's throat and fell back a pace.

The banker was quite a minute in recovering his breath. With venom suffusing his eyes, he panted forth:

"You—you fool! You might have killed me! What d-do you mean?"

The professor, shaking with excitement, hurled back in strained tone:

"Give me back my diamond, you thief!"

Dorgan raised himself to his feet and grasped the edge of his desk. There was hate in his eyes now and thunder in his voice.

"You dog of a star-gazer, you!" he roared with a vicious oath, "out with you before I flay your miserable hide. Call me a thief, will you? Well, I'll get even. I might have helped you with your foolish scheme. But it's all off now! You'll not only get no aid from me but, if I can, I'll block you in every other place you try."

The banker brought his fist down savagely upon his desk. Then with something of a leer he continued: "And I've quite a little pull, let me tell you, among the people who have money enough to spare some for a freak idea like yours?"

"You—mean you re—fuse to give up my diamond?" muttered Professor Jekyll blankly.

"I tell you I haven't it. It has disappeared," growled the banker.

Revulsion of his own violence, suspicion of a great man's honesty or grief at his own great loss and the blighting of his ambitious plans for a lunar flight seemed to take all the energy, all the spirit, out of the professor. He looked at the millionaire wearily. All trace of the rage he had felt but a moment before was gone. He was like a great tree through which a mighty gale had swept, leaving its branches stripped of their foliage and trembling in their loss.

A man over whom the palsy has flung its blight could not have been more helpless than the white-faced astronomer as, clasping the airship plans to his breast, he turned uncertainly and stumbled out of John Dorgan's private office.

Three hours later, with the blue prints still clutched tightly, he tottered up the long graveled walk to "The Nookery," Miss Larned's suburban home. In his hunt for Babcock he had gone first to the aviation grounds at Hempstead. There he met Jeroc just returning with the damaged "Rapier." From the French mechanician he learned that Miss Larned had motored over in her limousine but a few moments before and taken Babcock away with her.

When the maid ushered him into the cosy drawingroom of the Nookery," the aviator and Virginia were vis-a-vis at a tabouret in the window that looked out over the green Long Island hills.

Twilight was so near that in the gray of the room the professor failed to see the rapt faces of the two. They rose at his entrance but did not observe his wearied face and faltering step until he dropped with a heavy sigh into a seat.

"Why, professor, what's the trouble?" asked the aviator when Miss Larned turned on a soft electric lamp. "You look as if you had been hurt."

The astronomer's head sank lower into his chest. He did not look up as he muttered:

"I am hurt—terribly. John Dorgan did it."

Virginia was all anxiety in an instant. She swept across the room and took up the professor's cold hand gently. The blue prints he had brought slid to the floor.

"What? My guardian?" she inquired solicitously. "What has that hard-hearted man done now?"

"He's stolen my diamond," sighed the scientist unsteadily. He slowly raised his face to that of the aviator as if to learn whether Virginia understood.

"Yes, she knows," Lester volunteered. "I've told her about everything concerning our plans. We can trust her, you know."

"Yes," the professor nodded plaintively, "we can trust her." Then he glanced up at the girl's frank countenance, a flash like blue flame lit his eyes and he fairly hissed: "But we can't trust that guardian of yours. He's a thief."

Then, with many an involuntary exclamation of surprise from Virginia but with no sign from Babcock, Professor Jekyll slowly and painfully recounted in full his dramatic interview with Dorgan.

"I suspected as much," was the aviator's quiet comment when the recital was concluded.

"But why?" inquired the astronomer.

"It flashed upon me when he asked that I leave the plans with him. He has undoubtedly had duplicates taken of them."

"Still I do not follow you," said the astronomer dully.

"Why," frowned Babcock as his hands slowly gripped, "he means to beat you out of both the honor and the wealth that the trip to the moon will bring. He thinks he has shut off all chance of your financing the enterprise now. He has the diamond—the only visual proof that would appeal to any man to put money into the scheme. He has our plans. Perhaps he thinks that he can secretly get some one else to undertake the flight and bring back the untold treasures for himself alone. Money-mad as he is, he is stooping to deception and thievery to add to his pile."

"I can't believe it," sighed the professor. "I can't believe it of him. There's some other reason." He paused a moment as if struggling to think coherently. Then he went on: "Why, if he meant to steal the diamond did he summon the expert Straus to look at it? If he wanted to purloin it, why did he even let any one know that it was in his possession?"

"That's easy," answered the aviator. "The craft of the high financier. He wanted a witness to his surprise when his secretary announced that the diamond was missing. Yes, he staged it well, didn't he?" and Babcock turned to Virginia whose velvet eyes had been staring unseeingly out into the gloom of the ending day.

She looked half-frightened up into the face of her lover and then compassionately at the shrunken figure of the professor.

"I can't believe it. I can't believe it," she murmured. "And yet——"

She seemed unable to go farther. Both men looked at her gravely and inquiringly. Finally she concluded:

"And yet he does love money—better than friends or honor or—life. Father used to say so sometimes."

Professor Jekyll shivered with a heavy sigh. Then he looked up a little more brightly and with a faint smile of resignation exclaimed:

"Well, I suppose he's dashed our hopes, Babcock. I suppose there's nothing for me to do now but to go back again to my dear old telescope."

"Dashed our hopes?" echoed Virginia briskly. "No, professor, we'll not give up yet."

The astronomer smiled faintly at the young woman's apparently unjustified enthusiasm.

"My dear Miss Larned, I wish that could be so," he said drearily. "But it is idle to think of the enterprise when we are unable to obtain a very rich backer."

"How rich?" she asked quickly. "How much money must you have to undertake this—this expedition into the skies?"

"How much, Babcock?" The professor turned to the aviator. "You have figured on that end of the business closer than I."

"Four hundred thousand dollars would make us feel fairly comfortable," responded the aviator thoughtfully. "We might be able to squeeze through on twenty-five or thirty thousand less."

Virginia's eyes beamed. She came quite close to the two men and with hands clasped behind her back straightened up quite proudly.

"Well, gentlemen," she announced with an excited little pant, "you shall have the money."

The astronomer looked up with a face puzzled yet hopeful. Babcock whose keen eyes had been studying the girl's face conjectured what was coming. He had to grip himself to stay his desire to wrap ner in his embrace.

"But how? where?" queried the scientist.

"I will raise the money for you," she said. Her voice quivered but there was no uncertainty in the steady eyes or in the almost gay toss of the dainty head.

"Impossible!" cried the professor, a trifle disappointed.

"Not impossible," Virginia replied quite decidedly. Her eyes blinking for a moment as if helping her brain in some silent computation. Then with a smile she went on: "I've resources that will permit me to get fifty thousand in the bank in a few weeks. As for the rest, just wait a moment, please."

She darted out of the room. When she had gone Professor Jekyll looked at Babcock and shook his head incredulously.

"Well, we'll hear her out anyway," the aviator declared.

When she came back she was quite breathless but glowing. Piled high in her arms were a varied array of velvet and silken and plush jewel boxes. She set them down one by one on a table. Then with a happy little sigh she proceeded to open the largest box in the collection.

She thrust it toward the two men, revealing in its soft recesses a magnificent diamond necklace that glittered dazzlingly even in the soft light of the room. She gathered up the gems and tossed the circlet over her head.

"See," she panted, "they're mine. And they're inventoried at more than one hundred thousand. Aren't they beauties?" and she pressed the strand against her pink cheek.

Next she exhibited an even lengthier necklace of perfect pearls.

"Papa's last Christmas gift," she explained with a slight tremor in her voice. "He wouldn't tell me how much they were worth. But when Tiffany last reset one, they told me the string was worth not less than fifty thousand."

The two men gazed in silence at the spectacle. Either the beauty of the jewels or the astonishing purpose of the girl or both held them dumb.

"And here we have a diamond pendant that once belonged to a German Empress," Virginia explained, as she proceeded to open box after box. "And here is a coronet that was called almost priceless in the time of Napoleon. And here is a bracelet that John Dorgan gave me on my last birthday!" It held a dia-

REASONED IT OUT

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A man does not count as wasted the time he spends in thinking over his business, but he seems loth to give the same sort of careful attention to himself and to his health. And yet his business would be worth little without good health to care for it. A business man tells how he did himself good by carefully thinking over his physical condition, investigating to find out what was needed, and then changing to the right food.

"For some years I had been bothered a great deal after meals. My food seemed to lie like lead in my stomach, producing heaviness and dullness and sometimes positive pain. Of course this rendered me more or less unfit for business, and I made up my mind that something would have to be done.

"Reflection led me to the conclusion that over-eating, filling the stomach with indigestible food, was responsible for many of the ills that human flesh endures, and that I was punishing myself in that way—that was what was making me so dull, heavy and uncomfortable, and unfit for business after meals. I concluded to try Grape-Nuts food to see what it could do for me.

"I have been using it for some months now, and am glad to say that I do not suffer any longer after meals; my food seems to assimilate easily and perfectly, and to do the work for which it was intended.

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mond of huge size that glinted purple and bronze shades of deep richness. "Money lover that he is, he had to tell me what it cost. It was twenty thousand."

Her face was fairly beaming with ecstacy now. With a brief word of explanation she thrust more necklaces and pendants and bracelets and brilliant rings almost without number toward them. When she had exposed the contents of the last box, she turned piquantly to the two men and laughed:

"There, sirs, I think there will be no more need of worry as to how this expedition of ours is to be financed."

"But, my dear child," expostulated the professor, "we can never allow you to risk all these precious jewels in such a hazardous enterprise."

"Oh, yes, you can," she answered decidedly. "I am taking the place of John Dorgan and on the terms that you intended to make with him."

"No, Virginia," said Lester, steadily, "we can never permit you to do such a thing as this."

"Lester," she said softly, "if it succeeds, I want to share some of the glory. If it fails—well, I will not have any use for any of these baubles."

"But we cannot equip our enterprise with jewels, my dear young lady," insisted the astronomer, whose crushed hopes were beginning to revive. "We must have money."

"Silly," Virginia laughed gaily, "we can pawn them for all we'll need. And if we can't pawn them, we'll sell them."

"Well, if you're determined," said the professor, rising with an alacrity that left no trace of the shambling, hopeless old man that had entered the apartment less than half an hour before, "I can't find the courage to say no."

He caught her hand and pressed it warmly.

"Not only that, professor," she declared vehemently. "In addition, I'm going to get back the diamond John Dorgan stole from you."

And while the astronomer stood mystified and unbelieving, the aviator swept his arms about the girl and crushed her to him in a quick, eloquent embrace.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SERPENT ENTERS.

The next afternoon, following office hours, John Dorgan motored down to the Hepstead aviation field. Screened in his limousine, he drove through the tiers of hangars where scores of aeroplanes of every conceivable shape and size were housed. But his keen eyes, shaded by their shaggy brows, sought out only one. When he beheld the name "Babcock" in great white lines spread across the front of one of the farthest hangars, his brow cleared and he instructed his chauffeur to make his way up to it.

The wide doors were open and several mechanicians were leisurely at work on the frame of the damaged "Rapier." But Babcock was nowhere in sight. Thereupon Dorgan alighted and made his way into the structure.

Jeroc, noting the banker's distinguished appearance, at once accosted him.

"You are looking for ze man, monsieur?" he asked.

"For Babcock. Is he here?" returned John Dorgan.

"He fly to ze city thees mornin'. He ees not yet return. There ees sometheeng I can do for you?"

"You are his assistant?"

"Ah, yees, I am Jeroc, his chief mechanician. So much as Monsieur Babcock know of ze airship, so much I know," said the Frenchman with a strut. "I come from ze great France where thees theengs are bettaire done than here in your country."

"You his chief assistant?" repeated the banker with a lift of the eyebrows. "Then you know something of this new ship he is going to build to go——"

"To ze moon?" broke in the mechanician. "Ah, yees, it will be ze great trip, ze great nonaire to ze men what go."

"You expect to go, then?" queried Dorgan, his voice well concealing the interest his mind held.

"With Babcock? I do not know, monsieur. He have not yet asked me to go. But he weel, for I, Jeroc, am ze best meechaneecian in the States." The Frenchman swelled with belligerent pride.

"But if he should not take you?" suggested the banker.

"I go where he can go!" There was a tinge of jealous defiance in the way Jeroc spoke. "Eeef he do not take me, I can go ze way of my own."

"Ah, you think you could make that trip yourself, do you?" questioned the financier.

"Ah, it ees nothing at all," shrugged Jeroc. "It ees ze—what you call ze ceench."

"It would be easy if you had a set of plans, wouldn't it?" the banker led on.

"Like Babcock's?" the Frenchman returned, his beady brown eyes leering into the financier's.

"Oh, something like them," responded Dorgan indifferently.

Jeroc sidled up quite close to the banker, his face working and his eyes sparkling.

"Monsieur," he whispered. "I am ze man for you."

John Dorgan laughed woodenly. He was too shrewd and far-seeing a schemer to lay himself open to this chance five-minute acquaintance.

"Oh, it's not my plan, my friend," he said. "But I know a man who has some designs for such a trip. Maybe you would like to meet him?"

"Sure I would. I am certain to make ze flight to ze moon, to be ze first man." Then the Frenchman fell to a whisper again. "We can beat ze Babcock out mebbe, eh?" and he nudged his elbow into the banker's ribs.

"Oh, that would be for you to do," said Dorgan, retreating a step.

"But eet weel take heaps of ze money."

"Oh, that will be easy," muttered the financier.

"Then when can I see your friend?" urged Jeroc. "Today? Tonight?"

Dorgan strode back to his car. His sharp eyes had discerned a high-powered aeroplane winging its way toward them from the city. He guessed that it might be Babcock. He had no desire to be seen by the aviator. Moreover he was well satisfied with his visit. It had developed even better possibilities than he had hoped when he started out.

As he opened the door of the limousine, he turned to find Jeroc close at his heels.

"Tonight at ten o'clock," he said in a low tone, "you come to Number 889 Fifth avenue and ask for Henry Raymond. He is the friend and he will talk to you about this moon business."

"Jeroc will be there at ten," replied the Frenchman, but before he had completed the promise, the Dorgan limousine was skimming toward the highway.

Three minutes later Babcock spiralled like a great bird to the ground and leaped out of his flyer. Jeroc was quickly at his side.

"Who's your visitor?" inquired the aviator as he shook himself.

"The man in the car?" questioned the Frenchman without looking up. "Oh, he was some man from ze ceety. He was asking for you."

"Left no name?"

"No, monsieur."

With a quick glance at his assistant and a suspicious pursing of the lips, Lester helped to trundle his flyer into the hangar.

At ten promptly that same night Jeroc, attired in his best, pushed the electric bell beside the great iron-barred door in the mansion at Number 889 Fifth avenue.

By the servant to whom he gave his name he was ushered into the spacious hall and then, after some delay, up the broad stairs to the second floor and into a book-lined room that appeared to be half library and half business office. It was located at the front of the mansion with wide windows overlooking the street and heavy velvet draperies of maroon separating it from a room in the rear.

Jeroc, seated gingerly on the edge of a deep leather chair and fiddling his jaunty cap on his fingers, noted a low hum of voices behind the deep-toned hangings. He could not distinguish how many there were.

Nor did he know that for an hour previous to his arrival John Dorgan, in whose house he was, had sat in close conference with his secretary Raymond, carefully laying out the plan for the interview about to begin.

Nor did he know that when a moment after his arrival, Raymond pushed his way between the draperies to join him, that the secretary left behind in the darkened adjoining apartment the distinguished financier, seated where he could overhear every word that the Frenchman and the secretary uttered.

Jeroc rose uncertainly as he saw Raymond.

"You are ze friend?" he asked.

"I am the friend," responded the secretary with a smile.

"Ah, I have been theenking much of zat trip to ze moon since thees afternoon," the mechanician said more confidently. "I am ze man for eet. Make no meestake, monsieur, I am ze man for you."

"Well, let us discuss it a bit first before we decide that. In the first place, what do you know about the flying business?"

"Ze flights? Ah monsieur, I have been with ze machines for ten year. I help Latham and Paulhan and Moisant learn to fly. I fly myself for ze grand prize in France and I would have been ze winner but in ze finish I break my propellor and I fall one—two hundred feet. I break ze arm and ze leg"—Jeroc pointed to the injured members—"and I am keeled almost. But I get bettaire. I go to Monsieur Bleriot. I help heem build ze grand, ze great monoplanes. I learn everything about ze flying. I come to America with Latham to help. Babcock see me. He see what I know—more than any man in thees whole countrie. He hire me. I h- heem to be ze greatest American aviator."

"That sounds pretty good."

"Yees, monsieur," Jeroc went on, throwing his shoulders back with the strut of rooster, "it ees pretty good. But I am not satisfied. I can do more. I can be bettaire. I wish to make one grand name. But I have no chance. I have ze ambition. But I have not ze money."

"For a good man, that should be easy to get," suggested the secretary.

"Ah you do not know, monsieur, what ze finest, ze sweefest machines they cost," sighed the volatile Frenchman with a wave of the hand. "Eet eez impossible for ze poor man like me."

Raymond drew out a set of plans and spread them on the table.

His visitor's eyes sparkled as he beheld the white lines on the background of blue.

"Now," began the secretary, clearing his throat, "if these were placed in your hands and you were allowed all the necessary funds, do you suppose that you could construct the machine here laid out?"

Jeroc dropped his cap into his seat and bent eagerly over the papers. His beady eyes shot from point to point. Then his stubby forefinger traced its way up and down and across the maze of lines.

"Ah, eet ees so easy," he smiled, looking up into his host's face with a smirk, "eet ees to laugh. But eet ees one great, one grand machine. Just like a beeg ship. Where did monsieur get them?"

"Nver mind about that," snapped Raymond. "Do you think you could build this machine?"

"Eet ees a ceench—a ceench for me," gesticulated the mechanician emphatically. His little eyes snapped as he went on. "Thees ees ze machine you want me to go een to ze moon, eh?"

"That's another story again," said Raymond. He came back with this question: "But what kind of power would you use in such a flyer as this and how could you fly across the space between the earth and the moon where there is no air to breathe?"

Jeroc scratched his curly head and wrinkled his low forehead. Then he looked up with a leer.

"I will find out from ze Babcock," he snickered significantly.

"A good idea," said the secretary.

"And eef I find out," the Frenchman inquired with a sinister upturned eye, "what do I get for eet—in ze money?"

A tiny bell tinkled in the adjoining apartment. Raymond, hearing it, excused himself and retreated behind the maroon curtains. In a moment he was back.

"Jeroc," he said, coming quite close to his visitor and speaking in an undertone, "if you can find out all the particulars of how your friend Babcock proposes to get to the moon, how he will run his machine, all the secrets of his methods to get power and air, I'll give you ten thousand dollars."

The mechanician's breath came in a pant.

"Ten thousand dollairs?" he exclaimed unbelievingly. "Oh, that ees too much for ze so seemple job."

Raymond thrust his hand into an inner pocket and drew forth a bulky roll of bills. The Frenchman's eyes twinkled as he saw ten bright yellow one-hundred dollar bills counted off and rolled up.

"And here's a thousand to bind the bargain," said Raymond, extending the money.

Jeroc grabbed it as eagerly as a starving man would have seized a crust of bread. He laughed—a mean, sinister, brassy laugh.

"I'm ze man for you, monsieur. I'm ze man for you," he chuckled.

"But Babcock must know nothing about it, mind you, nor anyone else," warned Raymond.

"You can trust me, monsieur—to ze leemit," assured the mechanician. Then with a sudden shift he leaned over the table until his face was quite close to that of the secretary and whispered:

(Continued on page twenty-three.)

It Is Possible to Reduce Flesh Without Dieting or Exercise

It is not only possible but being done everywhere. Exercise, unless carefully superintended by a physician and expert Athletic Director, may easily do a deal of harm to the great overburdened fleshy body. The untutored fat man and woman determined to get thin are only too likely to overstrain their fat encumbered muscles by their awkward, ill-advised gymnastics, and so cause nerve and muscle troubles that may develop into something far worse than a little too much flesh. Same way with dieting. Starvation is certainly effective if kept up long and faithfully enough, but it is almost certain to injure the nutritive process and so weaken the patient constitutionally, while it is abominable torture, of course, especially to a good-natured, high-living, fleshy man or woman.

Fortunately neither dieting nor exercising are required or desirable if one uses the right remedy for reducing fat, and strange to say, the remedy is a simple, wholesome home mixture, the ingredients of which are obtainable at any drug store for a few cents. This mixture is as follows: ½ oz. Marmola, ½ oz. Fluid Extract Cascara Aromatic, 3½ ozs. Peppermint Water, and the proper amount to take is one teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime. This mixture takes the fat off rapidly but naturally, so that no wrinkles are formed and no harm is done to the stomach, as is so frequently the case with "Patent" or "secret" advertised remedies.

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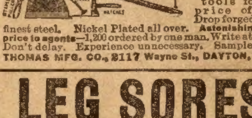

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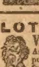

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Or, The Mountain Exiles

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CHAPTER IV.

TROUBLE FOLLOWS TRIUMPH.

AS THE investigators came nearer distinct words floated to their ears. A brawny hand was flung up and something was within it.

"Here," cried the owner of the hand, "is the thing that speaks louder than words. It fairly shouts for vengeance, and that's what we are going to have!"

Leland Dale broke in with his calm, steady voice.

"What's that you have there?" he asked.

"A knife!" was the swift reply. "It was found close to the prison, and it is clear that the Hillmen dropped it."

"I fail to see the point. Other men carry knives——"

"Oh! you haven't heard the history of this knife, it seems. You know Ben Joy. Well, he has recognized this knife, for it has peculiarities. He swears it once belonged to a friend of his, one Simeon Case."

"What of that?"

"Just this, mister! Two years ago a wagon-train of emigrants were butchered on the old Loraway trail—you know that. Simeon was among those killed there. Now, how did the Hillmen come by that knife?"

"Maybe," ventured a weak voice at the outskirts of the group, "they found it."

"Yes, they did!" vociferated the orator. "Found it on Simeon's body, after they killed him."

"We can't deny the evidence," added Phineas Allen. "It must have been the Hillmen who wiped out that train!"

It was the general verdict, but Dale and Reddington did not join in the chorus. Whatever they thought they kept to themselves, and after half an hour of discussion the group broke up, weary of talk, but unshaken in their animosity. The Hillmen had been condemned unheard.

A week passed uneventfully. Pursuit of the Hillmen had failed of results, the trail of the horses having been lost at the bank of a muddy stream with encompassing ledges. As it was the first time the animals of the hermit people had been known to come forth from the mountain refuge, the failure to penetrate their quarters was exasperating.

The joys of man-hunting were not realized.

Animosity had fresh life at Shagfoot, and threats were many. If the miners had another opportunity to inflict a blow upon the Hillmen they were going to make a record that would be lasting. Thieves, outlaws, slayers of the emigrants on the Loraway trail—why should mercy be shown to such people? None was to be shown; the order was to shoot at sight.

This was the position of the great majority of the gold-diggers. Taking suspicion for proof, they condemned unheard and hungered to execute those they condemned.

Leland Dale listened and held his peace, but the injury to his head remained sensitive and was a frequent reminder of what had happened to him. Formerly, the vein of romance in his nature had been excited by tales of the queen of the Hillmen, a brilliant figure on her black horse; and he had wished to see her. The wish had been gratified; she had come, and the egg-like protuberance under his hat had been her gift to him. Romance had received a shock, and when he spoke of the hermit folks he called them outlaws.

John Reddington, drinking nothing but water, worked at gold-seeking and rapidly gained in strength of body. Considering his late eulogy of Queen Sylvia, he was now silent to a degree that surprised the ex-physician. Only twice had he mentioned her during the week. Both times it was with gratitude, but the fever of his enthusiasm seemed to have passed. Likewise, he was grateful to Janet Bogue, and he sought the society of the colonel's daughter more than before.

Janet was young, comely, intelligent, amiable and sympathetic. Naturally retiring and modest, she had sought the bishop in his misery because her womanly kindness would have it so. Now, when Reddington came to her as he had never come before, her modesty took alarm and she exhibited shyness, but his tact bridged that chasm. They had become better friends than before, but she half-evaded him and he manifested no great zeal in seeking her company.

Dale was not an energetic miner. Born for other things, he found only limited pleasure in the company of pick, spade and gold-cradle, and there were times when, the spirit of the wanderer still active within him, he thought of leaving Shagfoot for some other wild region. At other times he thought of the Hillmen and aspired to know more about them.

East of the camp lay Mount Taber, long, black, grim, mysterious. At times its bleak face repelled him; anon, something there appeared to beckon and call. It was strange, puzzling and impressive that men, women and children lived there, hermits and riddles, shut in by canyons and cliffs that other men had failed to pass. The peculiarity of the people made him long to know more about them, and the reputed inaccessibility of their refuge bred within him ambition to penetrate the hidden retreat.

Day by day he dwelt upon his project, now committing himself to it and then rejecting it as folly; but, after many ups and downs, it received final decision.

One evening he announced to Reddington that he was going for a hunt that might last two days or a week, as circumstances determined. The next morning, equipped with rifle, pistol, knife, ammunition and food he left camp at an early hour. By day-break he was at the foot of the mountain. Then he climbed steadily upward. He had hoped to strike the trail left by the horses, a week before, but this had been washed away by rain. There was no clew.

After a long, laborious climb he found himself near the summit. By that time he knew that the range was higher than it had looked from the mining-camp, and he understood more fully why access to the refuge was so difficult. All was radically wild, and rough, tangled and baffling beyond his expectations. Canyons barred his way that were hundreds of feet deep, alternating with cliffs equally sizable, and these crossed and recrossed at all possible angles. He could pursue no direction for any great distance, and each effort to gain a desired point was a failure.

He was the victim, the sport and the helpless companion of nature in its most fantastic mood. Attempting to progress, he would enter a gulch or defile and walk where he could not see ten feet beyond where he stepped. System he could not use, and he found himself helpless and his desired destination more and more evasive.

This was the history of the forenoon, and, at last, perceiving that the sun was nearing the zenith, he looked for a place where he could eat his dinner by running water. He was passing through a thread-like gulch when his fortunes abruptly changed.

The earth sank beneath his feet, he dropped, and vainly seeking to find a firm grasp on something, was swallowed up by the depths. He sped helplessly along a rocky way, beaten by earth and stones, and in utter darkness—and then lost consciousness.

He came back to active life, an unknown time afterward, seemingly little the worse for his rude experience. He was lying on the ground. He opened his eyes and saw rocks and—something more. Before him was a horse, and in the saddle was a rider.

It was Queen Sylvia!

The time came when he knew he had suffered no more than a few inconsequential abrasions of the flesh from his fall, but, just then, he gave no thought to his physical condition. He looked at the rider in momentary amazement, and then, as the truth dawned fully upon him, leaped to his feet. If he had not penetrated the refuge he had found the rider of the black horse, and his spirits rose high, buoyant and daring. Stirred into a new and mocking mood, the offspring of triumph, he plucked off his hat, which had clung fast through all, and bowed low.

"Your humble servant!" he exclaimed.

She regarded him coldly, severely.

"Why are you here?" she asked, and her voice matched her expression.

"To see you, Queen Sylvia!" he asserted audaciously.

"You have made a very dignified entrance!"

"The ways and means matter but little."

"Other things matter a good deal."

"The main point is that I am here."

"Right!" she agreed. "That is the main point, and, for you, the tragedy!"

"Tragedy? Do you shoot your visitors?"

"Who comes unbidden must accept what welcome he receives."

"And mine?"

"Do you know where you are?"

"In the refuge of the Hillmen, and with their queen, yourself. I am your guest, and it is for you to say what my fate will be."

She did not reply at once, and he had chance to look at her more attentively. He saw a girl of perhaps twenty-two, of

GENTLE JABS.

Lot's wife at least earned her salt.

A floating debt isn't a success as a life preserver.

It's too bad that your streak of yellow isn't gold.

Even a little trial is a big one if you have no others.

A man may wear pumps without being on the water wagon.

Marry a crank and your life will be one continuous grind.

A woman isn't necessarily shiftless because she runs to waist.

The man who lets well enough alone never gets very far ahead.

Sometimes an innocent girl with a squint is mistaken for a flirt.

The man who tries to "do" you and fails may do the next best thing.

Some men, like some roosters, are always crowing—but what's the use?

The less confidence a man has in himself the more he seems to have in others.

Most pleasures have their drawbacks, and most promises have strings tied to them.

You can't always tell how glad a man is to see you by the way he shakes hands.

At some period in her career a woman imagines she is a dove and that all men are hawks.

Beware of the man who is ashamed to admit that he earns his bread by the sweat of his brow.

A student of human nature declares that most men like to be jollied and are willing to pay for it.

All men are born free and equal—but some deteriorate until they find themselves in the Legislature.

A reception is a place where women fail to enjoy themselves if they are invited, and get sore if they are not.

Don't worry if you are unable to borrow trouble. Some one will come along by and by and thrust it upon you.

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medium height and well-rounded form, with dark-brown hair, gray eyes and magnificent complexion. She was dressed in a dark-green riding skirt, a scarlet jacket and a jaunty turban cap of green, each of the last two having trimmings of the reverse color. She was brilliant, beautiful, neat and picturesque, but—alas for the bold intruder!—she was cold and condemnatory of expression.

Presently she broke the silence.

"Do you know this is forbidden ground?" she asked.

"Yes. Or, rather, I know that you are a hermit race, and that outsiders have, in the past, tried in vain to penetrate your fastness. I am more fortunate!" Leland declared.

"Is life nothing to you?" she demanded sharply.

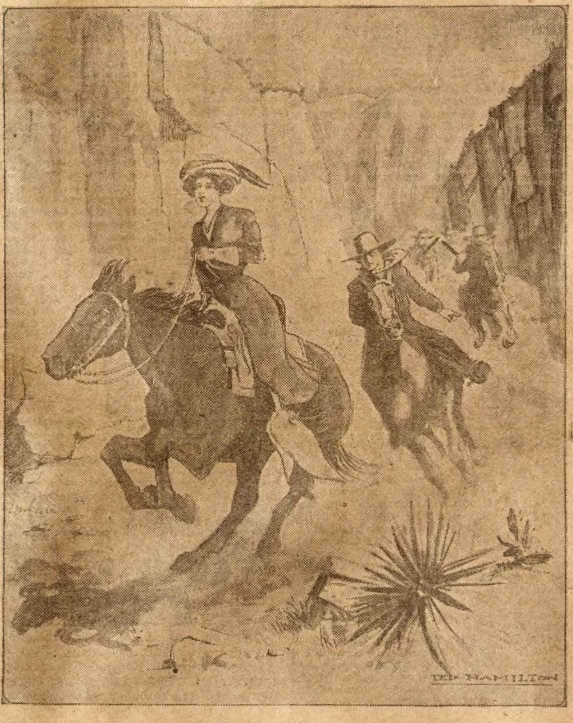
"Much, but not everything. Life, like divers kinds of food, requires garnishings. Had I been content with mere life I should have remained at——"

He hesitated and stopped short.

"At the mining camp below," she finished, motioning.

"Just so! Not being content there, I came here—to see the Hillmen and Queen Sylvia."

"You have made a fatal mistake, sir! Do you think that if we of Mount Taber take so much trouble to keep to ourselves that we will tolerate intrusion? Do you covet punishment, misery, death?"



He urged his horse.

"I cannot believe that unjust treatment will be associated with one so fair, bewitching, womanly and——"

She suddenly leaned forward, and he caught the flash of her eyes in a way that checked his flow of words.

"Do not think," she exclaimed, "that because I am only a girl of the mountains I can be insulted with safety!"

Leland flushed deeply and grew confused and ashamed.

"Heaven forbid!" he cried, with emphasis. "If my words are open to that construction, I beg that you will forgive me. I meant no slight, no impertinence, no undue familiarity. I may have spoken over-lightly, but there was no lack of respect. As to my present mood, know that I am simply exhilarated at having penetrated this fastness."

The apology was humble and sincere, but he saw no softening of her expression.

"You admit," she returned, "that you sought to enter our refuge?"

"Yes."

"Enough! You are here, and you will take the consequences. We know how to deal with interlopers. Comrades!"

The last word was a call in an elevated tone, and from the adjacent rocks six men appeared, all mounted on fine horses. They were muscular fellows, uniformly clad in gray, and uniformly armed with rifle, pistols and knives. It was a warlike force, and Leland saw no friendly face among them. Instead, each man scowled blackly, and he felt that a word from the girl would end his career speedily. His own rifle was missing, and when his hand instinctively fell to his belt he found that it was empty of weapon. He was helpless.

"Comrade!"—the girl motioned to one of her followers—"your horse! The prisoner will ride. Sir, will you mount without resistance? Enough! You go in our midst—do not venture escape, for it is useless; nor hostility, for it will react on yourself. Whatever happens, you have only yourself to blame!"

Leland had swung into the vacant saddle. Ominous as everything was he did not despair, and it came to him that it would be well to impress the point where he had entered the refuge upon his mind. Turning back he looked, but only undisturbed earth and rocks met his gaze.

By some means the way of escape had been closed.

"March!" directed Queen Sylvia curtly.

The horses started, and the prisoner went with guards on all sides. He had sought the lair of the Hillmen, and he was there. What was to come next? Perhaps it was accident, but a rifle in the hands of another horseman suddenly jabbed him in the ribs. To him this was suggestive. What next?

CHAPTER V.

AWAITING JUDGMENT.

The party rode several rods and then passed the bleak rocks. Leland Dale looked ahead and saw a great valley, green with luxuriant grass and thrifty trees, bright with birds and flowers, and, what interested him more, dotted with herds of horses, cattle and sheep.

Descending, they passed through the valley and reached a rocky ridge. They began to climb up a steep, narrow gulch where rocks rose on either hand.

The prisoner had been a trifle disturbed by the warlike appearance of his guards and the general severity of all parties, but his courage was returning, and he found silence not to his taste. Before him, the leading rider of the band, Queen Sylvia was ever under his observation, and she was an object that pleased his eye.

He noted her fine form and graceful fashion of riding; he took heed to the green skirt, scarlet jacket and saucy turban; he observed that she carried her head with a dainty half-swaying motion that reminded him of a bird about to take wing, and he found this remarkable Queen Sylvia a fascinating study.

Suddenly resolving not to be longer an over-humble captive, he urged his horse and gained Sylvia's side, nobody interfering. She gave him a side-glance of indifference.

"We have met before today," he said, smiling.

"Yes," she responded, curtly, without smiling.

"At the mining-camp."

"Yes."

"Our introduction on that occasion," he proceeded, "was informal, but very impressive to me—so much so that I found it difficult to express myself suitably for some time afterward."

Silent, now, she slowly brushed the neck of her black steel with the whip in her free hand and seemed to watch the undulations of his glossy coat under the strokes with critical attention.

"When you departed," he persisted, "you left a pang behind you—not of my heart, but of my head. Your man struck hard and true. He obeyed you well; I heard you give the order."

She continued her work with the whip and said nothing. Her cold indifference angered him, even while her fair face pleased his fancy. He spoke again, his remarks colored by his double emotion.

"Are you aware, fair outlaw, that a blow such as I received might have caused a fracture of the skull, or a compound fracture—yes, even a multiple fracture?" he added humorously.

She turned and look him squarely in the face. He saw no sign of pity or remorse; she was still aggressive.

"Outlaw?" she repeated.

"I think that was the word!"

"So I understood it!" and she looked away from him.

Leland, exasperated by her indifference, had grown semi-belligerent, but he suddenly recalled that he had come to the mountain refuge with peaceable intentions, and that, perhaps, he was not in position to carry too high a hand with safety. He changed his tone a trifle.

"It is far from my purpose to reproach you for what happened then, for you were there to rescue one of your band; but this let me add: The blow given me by your order was unnecessary. I had no grudge against the Hillmen, and had I been left to exert my free will you would not have suffered from act of mine. I would gladly have stood idle and seen you take Jabez Roebuck away. His trial was a miserable farce, and not an item of evidence was produced against him. I am glad you took him from those fellows down there. As for my half-broken head, don't think that I am lamenting weakly; it was a mere nothing. You are quick to see and think, miss. I heard you call, 'Strike him down!' and down I went instanter. Let us forget it!"

The ex-physician was irritated and dissatisfied. He had set out to force a reply from her lips, and, not receiving it, had dwelt upon the subject until, as he looked at it, he was in the position of a paltry complainer. This hurt his pride, and he regarded Sylvia as severely as she regarded him.

"If," she suddenly said, "you take our past treatment of you so resentfully, why did you come here?"

"You seem to have a point there. Frankly, I came to diagnose the case."

"Regarding us as lepers?"

"I ought to summon up courage to say yes, but veracity forbids. Had I thought ill of the Hillmen I should not have come to study them. Call my impelling motive curiosity, if you wish, for I suppose that was it. I wanted to see a hermit people and an inaccessible refuge."

"What do you think will be the result?"

"I hope for the best."

"Better prepare for the worst!"

With this she touched her horse lightly with the whip and it sprang forward and took her away from Leland's side. He did not attempt to regain his position, but relapsed into silence that was anything but agreeable to himself. Now that it was too late, he realized that he had mismanaged matters seriously. This was largely due to her unfriendly mood, but he felt that she was excusable. Not being able to excuse himself, he was irritable and angry because of his mistake.

He was aroused by the sound of falling water, and they soon reached a gorge spanned by a bridge. The latter was some twenty yards long, and built of logs, with a crude flooring and side-rails. A stone's throw above was a fall over which water leaped viciously, descending to a new level two hundred feet below the bridge; and then racing between precipitous cliffs and over a rocky bed to a bend farther on, where it sprang, animal-like, against the cliff and was lashed into turbulent foam.

It was Leland's first view of the place, but not his last.

Crossing the bridge, they advanced another stretch through the gulch and then the ground fell away suddenly and the doctor beheld a second great valley. No domestic animals were visible here, but, instead, cultivated fields and grassy meadows made a fresh surprise for him. Grain waved in the air and told of the sower and the reaper, and corn stood stiffly to support its burden of kernelled ears.

Instead of descending at this point the Hillmen turned sharply to the right and went along a cross-gulch. Five minutes later they emerged and a village of log-houses was before them.

First sight showed Leland no people, but, presently, he discovered a party of twenty or more coming from a distant point.

Queen Sybil fell back to the prisoner's side.

"My care of you ends here, she announced. "You will be seen by the chief men of our band, and they will decide what shall be done with you."

"I shall be glad to talk with them," he answered.

"Perhaps!"

"Do you imply that I shall get harsh treatment from them?"

"You will not receive injustice," she

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and there was more of earnestness er manner than before.

"But it will be they who will decide what justice is?"

"Naturally!"

"I don't know what to expect, for I have already found that my good will is not understood by at least one here; hence, let me say now that if I have used speech to you that was not in good taste, I am sincerely sorry. I remember that, after I met with mishap at the mining camp, your men carried me to my own cabin—"

"We would have cared for a wounded animal!" she interrupted quickly.

"That is always a good rule to follow," he returned composedly. "Some animals are better than most men. Speaking for myself, now—"

Sylvia waved her hand toward the nearest house.

"Enter here, please!" she directed. "Thus far only the persons who have come here with you know of your presence in the hills. I will explain to the others, and then you will see them at once. Enter!"

"I had thought this a deserted village," he said, lingering.

"The rest of our people, men, women and children, have been away a short distance. I must speak with them. This house—"

She motioned again, and he accepted the inevitable and entered. She walked toward the more distant persons, but two of her former companions took position outside the door, weapons in hand. Leland was in a pioneer-like structure, and he dimly realized the fact, but more important matters took first place in his mind. Going to an open window he looked out with more than curiosity.

Queen Sylvia was moving fast, and he saw her join the second party. All halted, and she clearly proceeded to make her report. The first effect noticeable to Leland was intent gravity among the listeners, and then, of a sudden, every eye was turned toward the house where he waited. Another moment and the children wheeled and, uttering audible cries, fled toward the cover of the surrounding rocks.

"They flee as from a monster!" muttered the prisoner, smiling bitterly. "I must have been given a bad character by the story-teller!"

Next the women—all but Sylvia—went after the children, and evidently in agitation almost equal to that of the small folks; but the men stayed by the queen and gave serious heed. Conversation became brisk, gestures were many, and through it all ran a plain element of hostility that told its own story.

It grew more and more certain that, in coming to the hidden refuge, Dale had dared into no small difficulties.

A movement nearer at hand changed the line of his regard for a moment. The two men of his immediate captors who had stayed by the house were now pacing to and fro, and in the clasp of their rifles and the swing of their movements he read something new. They were more than farmers; only military training could give them their peculiarities.

Was the refuge a place of war and warriors?

Ten minutes later one of the persons in the larger group separated himself from his companions and advanced slowly toward the house. The hour of judgment was coming. Leland looked hard, noting the massive form and stern face of the stranger. Then the latter crossed the threshold and was with the prisoner.

CHAPTER VI.

PAYING THE PENALTY.

Hillman and captive stood facing each other in silence for a moment. The latter, giving keen attention, saw that the visitor was wholly unlike Jabez Roebuck. This man had the face of one with resolute will, intensity of purpose and, perhaps, of one with pitiless severity, though he was not to be read at a glance.

His large, dark eyes dwelt upon the face before him like twin daggers, but he did not long remain inactive. He motioned to a chair.

"Be seated, sir," he directed.

It was a cold, but not harsh command, and Leland obeyed. The Hillman took a second chair.

"Who are you?" he asked, with unchanged manner.

"My name, sir," responded the prisoner calmly, "is Leland Dale."

"You are a doctor in the mining camp?"

"I am a doctor by profession, but, at Shagfoot, only a miner. Medicines are little needed there, and doctors not at all."

"Why have you come here?"

The questioner's voice was growing more peremptory, but Leland disregarded the fact. He did not intend to make any further mistake.

"Frankly, I came to see the Hillmen and their home."

"Were you aware that we were a hermit people, seeking no association with other men, and never welcoming others here?"

"Hardly that. I knew you were called hermits and reputed to be rarely seen by outsiders; but I did not know that a well-meaning caller would be received with hostility. One of your men was

(Continued on page eleven.)

SCORES REPEATED TRIUMPHS!

Professor Samuels' Strange Treatment Through The Eyes Continues to Bring Relief To Many Sufferers.

AMAZING RESULTS OBTAINED!

Many Diseases Which Had Baffled the Doctors Seem to Yield Promptly to This Unique Method of Treatment.

STRONG EVIDENCE IN PROOF OF ITS MERITS.

Skeptics and unbelievers in scientific achievements have recently been receiving a number of rather severe jolts through the remarkable series of successes which have been placed to the credit of Professor Samuels, the eminent scientist.

As is pretty generally known, Professor Samuels is the man who announced some time ago that certain scientific experiments he had made had resulted in the origination of a strange new method of treating human ills through the eyes. Of course the usual crop of skeptics sprung up to dispute his theories and to discredit the merits of his treatment, but despite the opposing clamor of the old-school doctors and others who believed health could only be restored through drug-dosing, the Professor seems to have established a record for relieving human suffering which must be decidedly humiliating to his deriders, to say the least.

Luckily for the good cause he was fostering, there were many in the ranks of the sick and afflicted who were not without faith in the scholarly scientist. They were at least willing to give his odd treatment a fair trial, probably because their doctors were doing them no good, and it was not long until the remarkable results of his treatment were apparent.

Many who state they had been blind state they regained their sight, many bed-ridden state they found health and strength, and in every locality where the strange treatment was introduced there was an increasing number of convalescents among a class whose ills had been regarded as incurable by their doctors and friends. As soon as these wonderful restorations to health became known, the great scientist was deluged with patients, as might be expected; the mails brought hundreds of requests for his remarkable treatment, and since that time the demand for this peculiar treatment, clear as water and without smell, has been practically incessant. Wherever it has been tried the treatment has been found to be a wonder-worker in the cause of health. People in all walks of life and suffering from such diseases as consumption, Bright's disease, heart trouble, epilepsy, chronic stomach and bowel troubles, nervous disorders, and other serious ailments, have tried the treatment and state they have promptly begun to improve; and thus the fame of the learned scientist and his peculiar treatment through the eyes has come into such popular favor that everybody seems to speak of it in words of enthusiastic praise. Following are a few extracts from letters recently received by Professor Samuels, whose correspondence we have kindly been permitted to examine as a means of verifying the many remarkable claims being made for the treatment:

Mrs. Louisa Costley, of Monett, Mo., R. F. D. No. 1, Box 114, had been in bad health for a long time, was generally run down and her stomach was in such condition that she was obliged to exercise the utmost care with her diet. Medicines gave her little, if any, relief, but a trial of Prof. Samuels' treatment through the eyes, according to the letter which follows, brought a prompt change for the better:

"I have taken your treatment just 15 days, and I have gained strength and can do my work without resting so much. I can now eat almost anything I want. I have only used half a bottle, and think I will be well by the time I use the rest of the medicine."

Mrs. H. J. Wiley, Leeds, Kans., after taking Professor Samuels' treatment for catarrh and a general run-down condition, has this to say about it:

"It has been five months since I began Professor Samuels' treatment through the eyes, and I cannot longer doubt that I am on the road to perfect health. I have improved wonderfully, and am so thankful for it. I am able to eat and sleep well and enjoy myself much more than I ever again expected to before taking the treatment."

Mr. A. G. Devault, Nocona, Texas, had long been a great sufferer from catarrh, indigestion and general debility. Medical treatment was doing him very little good, and the wonderful success of Professor Samuels' treatment finally encouraged him to give it a trial. This is what he thinks of it:

"I have taken the treatment 15 days, and I can tell that it is doing me lots of good. I feel 50 per cent better than I did before I began taking the treatment. My pains and aches are all gone. I picked cotton all last week and my back troubled me very little. My catarrh is lots better, my appetite is good, and I can eat all I want without trouble. I am getting along fine."

Mary A. Johnson, Maupin, Mo., afflicted with chronic catarrh and various complications, which had greatly undermined her health, could find no permanent relief from the doctors' treatment, so she decided to try if there was any virtue in Professor Samuels' strange treatment through the eyes. She has this to say about it in a recent letter:

"I can say that I consider the treatment has done me more good than all the medicines I have ever taken, or tried, and in the past 30 years I assure you I have tried a great many of them. I had not rode horseback for 15 years, and last Saturday I rode 20 miles, and I felt fine that night."

Alice E. Caskey, Trousdale, Okla., R. F. D. No. 3, Box 60, was all run down as a result of a complication of ailments, and could get no satisfactory relief until she tried Professor Samuels', remarkable treatment. Writing under recent date, she says:

"I am getting along just as good as I could ask. Language fails to express my gratitude for such great relief. I am able to do all my own housework and cook for four boarders. I owe it all to your wonderful cure."

Mrs. S. A. Shiel, residing at Burlington Junction, Mo., tells an interesting story in these few words:

"I have been an invalid for 28 years from asthma, or some similar trouble, whereby my breathing was seriously affected. I have tried every remedy known to the M. D.'s, but failed to get more than temporary relief. I began treatment with Professor Samuels, and I believe I am cured by his treatment in the last seven months."

Mrs. Fannie Neeley, 150 Barnett St., San Antonio, Texas, had for years been suffering from lung trouble, which had greatly undermined her health. The doctors had been unable to benefit her to any extent, and having heard of Professor Samuels' wonderful success with similar cases, she made up her mind to give it a practical test. In a letter written to the great scientist, she says:

"I never had anything to do me so much good as your treatment has done. I know that it is all you claim for it. I know it will cure me for I am up now all day, and today I worked a little, which is something I have been unable to do for a long time. May God bless and keep you, for we need more men just like you—and less doctors, who just go for the money."

Mary A. Watts, living at Star City, Ind., who has lived 14 years beyond the allotted "three score and ten," writes a grateful letter to Professor Samuels under recent date, to tell him what she thinks of his treatment through the eyes. She says:

"I have now taken your treatment two months and I feel that I am well. I am 84 years old, and for a woman of my age, I can say I haven't a pain or ache, though I have been troubled with both for years. They are all gone now. I have no shortness of breath or heart trouble any more, and I am not constipated, as I used to be, so I feel that I have been greatly benefited by your medicine. I am so thankful that I am now well, and I hope you will succeed in helping others as you have me."

Mr. Charles W. Albert, Emberton, Pa., R. F. D. No. 2, had been in poor health for quite a long time, as a result of lung trouble and a complication of other ailments. He had about lost faith in doctors, but concluded that there might be some merit in this great scientific treatment he had heard so much about. He tried it, and the following is what he thinks of it:

"I think your treatment is just fine. I had taken medicine eight months before I began your treatment, but I have improved more in the few days I have been taking it than in those eight months. Your treatment has helped and strengthened my heart wonderfully, and I am stronger in every way. I feel now as though I could work a little."

Walter Hurst, residing at Brevard, N. C., had a bad case of catarrh and a serious kidney trouble, which had greatly impaired his general health. Medical treatment had brought him no permanent relief and greatly discouraged about his condition, he finally began Professor Samuels' treatment through the eyes. His letter, which follows, tells the result:

"I have taken all the treatment except a few drops, and am completely cured of both diseases. At night I never have to get up, and in the morning I never get up with a bad feeling in my back, as was the case before I began taking your treatment. I shall always remember you as one who cured me of these awful diseases, and I shall always thank you for the kind attention you gave to my case."

Volumes of this sort of evidence could be produced, if space permitted, in support of the claims made for this unique scientific treatment Professor Samuels has originated. It is difficult to understand how a few drops of this simple liquid dropped into the eyes can produce such remarkable results, but that these wonderful effects do follow its use cannot be questioned, in view of the mass of unsolicited testimonials which have accumulated in the scientist's offices.

It must be admitted that he alone holds the key to the mystery; but it is really of minor importance how he achieves these results, so long as we know that his treatment is bringing health and strength to a large percentage of those who try it, and that its proven efficacy holds out a hope to thousands of sufferers who have not yet put it to the test. It is certainly a wonderful method of treatment, worthy of anyone's fullest confidence, and the sick and afflicted everywhere should lose no time in writing to Professor Samuels, whose office is in Suite 62, Samuels' building, Wichita, Kansas, for his "Message of Facts," a paper that gives more definite information than can be given in an article of this nature.

* * *

Egg Mystery Solved.

The high cost of living was being discussed by the Curbstone Club when the Ancient Carpenter happened to stroll in.

"It's almost impossible to get eggs at any price," the Plumber was saying just as the Ancient Carpenter entered.

"Yes, and the oddest thing you ever heard," the Carpenter exclaimed, "is that I have been getting a fresh egg every morning for nothing."

The Carpenter's reputation for weird yarns was enough to cause the whole membership to gather about him to hear his latest.

"It's like this," the Carpenter continued. "When I got up the other morning and found a nice fresh egg on my doorstep I thought some one might have put it there by mistake, but after the thing happened time after time the mystery began to get on my nerves. I had to stay up half of one night to find out where the eggs came from."

"Well," came the chorus, "where did they come from?"

"Simple enough, when you know," returned the Carpenter, "this is how it happened:

"A couple of weeks ago I happened to break the brass knob off the kitchen door and, wishing to fix it at once I substituted a white china knob that happened to be at hand.

"I found that one of my neighbor's hens, mistaking the knob for a nest egg, had been perching on it every night and laying a nice big egg for my breakfast."

After the laughter had partly subsided the real estate man inquired:

"How does it happen that the eggs were not broken by the fall?"

"Does seem odd, doesn't it?" the Ancient Carpenter grinned. "Here's the answer. Under the knob is a nice soft door mat which received the eggs right in the middle where they cuddled up against the very appropriate motto, 'Welcome'."

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(Continued from page ten.)

lately prisoner at the mining-camp. He represented your people as disciples of peace. I do not admit that I am a coward, but if I had suspected that combative persons lived here I should not have come."

It was a frank, earnest statement, but the powerful face of the listener betrayed no emotion. He heard, but gave no sign.

"Did you know," he asked, "of any entrance to this refuge?"

"No."

"Then how did you expect to get in?"

"Really, I think I did not expect to get in, for I had heard your home represented as inaccessible. My plan was simply to hunt for an entrance."

"How did you find the place by which you came?"

"I only know that I was walking on what seemed to be solid earth when it sank beneath me. When consciousness returned, I was within."

"You admit that you deliberately sought to enter?"

"It is true—yes!"

"When do you expect to go out?"

"That question cannot be answered now—"

"The answer is, never!"

"Never?"

"You are here; you stay—for life!"

It was a dispassionate statement, and the strong face of the speaker showed no severity, but Leland's composure had received a shock.

"For life?" he echoed blankly.

"Shall we let you go forth to lead our foes in?—to betray us?"

"I would not betray you."

"You are a new arrival at the mining camp?"

"Yes; I have been there but a few weeks. How did you know it?"

"From Jacob Roebuck, our comrade who was lately a prisoner at Shagfoot. Hearing you addressed as 'doctor,' the rarity of the title among miners called his attention to you. He heard you say you were lately come to the camp."

"Which was true. What has that to do with the case?"

"You say you will promise not to betray us. Listen! When Roebuck was a prisoner he told the truth and was scoffed at. Had the miners believed him they could have lost but little, even if he spoke falsely. Now, you admit that you are a newcomer. Although addressed as doctor, you suddenly become a miner. What proof have we that you did not come to this region to spy upon us, and, having for a time disguised your intention by working as a miner, finally seek this refuge, still as a spy? The miners would not believe Roebuck. Can you blame us if we do not believe you"

Leland heard and understood. The logic of the argument was not to be overthrown, and words did not serve him in reply.

"Now," added the Hillman, "you will see that we cannot let you go forth again as you might wish. Our safety must be consulted. You are here—for life!"

The doctor drew a deep breath.

"You stagger me," he admitted. "I see things in a new light. I am what I claim—a physician by profession, but a wanderer of the wildest parts of the West by choice, and, recently, a miner at Shagfoot. I am spy for no man, and I despise a spy. I came to hunt for your refuge without an unfriendly motive, but—how can I prove it?"

"Exactly!—how?"

"I can only tell the truth and leave the rest to you. That reminds me to ask what you will do with me?"

"I don't know. Your coming has put us in a position new to us—"

"How about the miner from Shagfoot that you took in, nursed and sent way, a free man?"

"I know whom you mean. We cared for that man, but he was never inside our retreat. We made a temporary hospital just outside. The cases are different. We dare not let you go away, so—"

The Hillman fell silent and Leland waited patiently. The pause was broken by the abrupt rising of the visitor

"We will consult further and decide what to do with you," he added. "Until then, you will remain here, under guard."

"I can ask no more. Let me say, however, that if you see fit to trust me you will not regret it. I feel only kindness for your people."

You tried to prevent the rescue of Jabez Roebuck."

"Pardon me, but I did not. It was never my purpose to raise hand or voice to prevent his escape."

"Then why did you seek the spot where my people were trying to take him from prison?"

"Ill-advised curiosity moved me: nothing more. I went to see what was happening. I paid for my curiosity, though I blame nobody."

The Hillman looked at him critically, but allowed the point to pass without further comment.

"I go now to confer with my comrades," he repeated. "When matters are settled we will see you again."

"A moment, please! After Queen Sylvia told of my presence here I saw children run to the cover of the rocks."

"Knowing an outsider was within our refuge, they fled in terror."

"Being in your refuge, I expect whatever you mete out to me, but, sir, let me ask that the fears of the little folks be quieted. I had rather have your ill will than their fear."

The visitor nodded in silence, turned and went as far as the door. There he once more turned about.

"My name," he announced, "is Giles Leedron!"

This time he went fully, and the prisoner was left to himself. Before the house the armed guards paced steadily, and escape would have been impossible had it been desired. But Leland only watched from the window, curious to know what was transpiring outside.

The houses were built in a double row, fronting on a small square. At one end of this space Leedron joined his waiting associates and a new conference began. Women had part in it, and the doctor saw Sylvia among them; but after perhaps ten minutes, six men went apart and sat by a certain house, clearly taking up the subject anew.

Directly after, another man entered with a substantial dinner which he placed before the prisoner and then withdrew. Leland ate, and afterwards, lighted his pipe and sat in a chair which he wheeled near the window.

For a time the subject uppermost in his mind was the declaration that he would not be permitted to leave the refuge. Medical practice had always held a charm for him, but free wandering appealed even more strongly. For two years he had roved widely, seldom remaining more than a month in one place; and this freedom was almost like the breath of life in his nostrils

What would it be if he were shut up forever in the Hillman's retreat? The idea bewildered him; it almost stunned him. Freedom would be lost, and the monotony would, he thought, grow maddening.

Two hours passed and still the men consulted as before. Finally they rose and were joined by the women, who appeared to have been called into the discussion. The delay and his dispiriting meditiaions had acted on Leland's nerves, and he felt an anxiety new to him. He longed for a decision of some sort, but it did not come. Presently the refugees broke up and he saw them go to different houses, but nobody came to him.

There was another delay, and then he heard childish voices near at hand. Connected sentences floated to his ears. The speakers seemed to be near the second window of the house, but, looking that way, he saw no one.

"Amos," said one of the unseen youth, "does it hurt to be shot?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"When will they shoot him?"

"I don't know; ask no questions, Luke."

Leland looked again. Two boyish heads arose just above the window-sill and two sets of eyes were regarding him. Detected, the small spies dropped out of sight and were heard scampering away, but they left grave thoughts behind them. The talk of shooting was ominous. The prisoner shifted his gaze and saw his nearest guard pacing with rifle on shoulder.

Captivity in the mountain refuge was growing oppressive.

Again came a wait; then a man entered the building with heavy step. Gazing at Leland, he briefly commanded:

"Come with us!"

The doctor saw four men now. All were armed, and all stern of expression. He wondered what exigency called for such a show of numbers

"With you?" he repeated. "Where, and why?"

"You will learn from the others!" was the stern reply. "Come!"

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this strange story. You will find it strong and captivating to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

How Pat Proved It.

An Irishman was once serving in a regiment in India. Not liking the climate, Pat tried to evolve a trick by which he could get home. Accordingly he went to the doctor and told him his eyesight was bad. The doctor looked at him for a while and then said

"How can you prove to me that your eyesight is bad?"

Pat looked about the room and at last said: "Well, doctor, do ye see that nail on the wall?"

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Well," then replied Pat, "I can't."

* * *

Saving Trouble.

The husband of a fashionable woman, whose gowns are at once the admiration and despair of her femine acquaintances, was discussing the cost of living with a friend at the Union League the other night.

"By the way," ventured the friend, "I—er—don't you have a good deal of trouble keeping your wife dressed in the height of style?"

The woman's husband smiled, and then shook his head, emphatically.

"Oh, no," he said, "nothing to speak of. Nothing—nothing to the trouble I'd have if I didn't."

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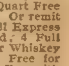

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"My husband is particularly liable to seasickness, captain," remarked a lady passenger. "Could you tell him what to do in case of an attack?"

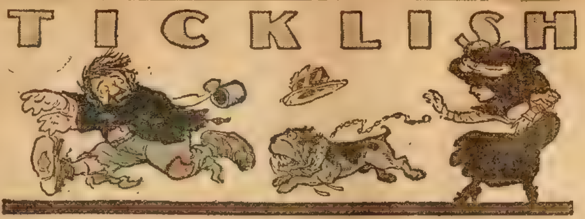
"'Tain't necessary, mum," replied the captain. "He'll do it."

◆

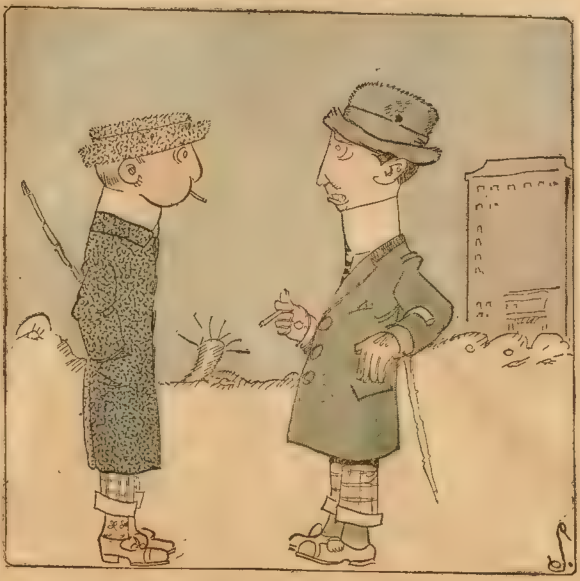
Overdone.

"The doctors are urging all kinds of sanitary measures and precautious upon the public."

"Yes; if all the recommendations and warnings were followed, a man's home would look like a hospital."



ANNOYING.



Arthur—Good gwacious, Harold! You look weally angry.
Harold—Yes; a girl just did me out of $50,000.
Arthur—Whew! How's that?
Harold—She refused to marry me.

Ambitious.

"Pop?"

"Yes, my daughter."

"This paper says that the average child of 6 years uses fewer than 400 words in her daily conversation."

"Yes, my child?"

"Well, pop, how soon will I be allowed to use as many as mamma?"

◆

How to Get There.

"Kind friend," whined a beggar, "I'm trying to get to Glasgow and I've got the price of a ticket all but a sixpence. Will you help me out?"

"No; but I can give you some excellent advice," replied the gentleman he addressed. "Take the train to within sixpenny fare of Glasgow and then walk."

◆

Educational.

"Do they teach domestic science at your college?" inquired the visitor of the freshman.

"Only sewing," replied the freshman.

"Good idea," said the visitor. "And what do you sew chiefly?"

"Wild oats," replied the freshman.

◆

From A Novel.

Her face was ashen—
Belinda sifted ashes while
The handsome milkman raised his tile—
And kissed her cheeks without a smile—
Her face was ashen!

◆

Big Show.

Silas Hardapple—So yeour boy Zeke graduates this spring? Going to hang out his shingle?

Cyrus Ryetop—Shingle? Gosh, Zeke will feel so proud an' puffed up he'll hang out a tin roof.

◆

In London.

One of the Suffragettes—I've lost me best hatpin, Lizzie.

Another—Where did you leave it last?

The First—Oh, I remember, now! I left it sticking in that policeman.

◆

Before and After.

Bach—Confess, now, Henry—you don't pay as much attention to your wife as you did before you were married?

H. Peck—Lord, yes! I mind twice as quick now.

No Use For Barbers.

Customer (in barber chair)—So you haven't heard Von Thumper, the world-famous pianist?

Barber—No. Doze bianists neffer batronize me, an' zo I neffer batronize dem.

◆

Schedule Time.

Hungry Traveler (at railway dining station)—How soon will the train start, conductor?

Conductor—I'll start on time today. I ain't got much appetite.

◆

The Famous Townsman.

Kalem—Duler seems to be looked upon as the most famous man in your town; what is the reason?

Silig—He was the first inhabitant to mortgage his home to buy an airship.

Little Mixed.

"Captain," exclaimed the young wife on her first tropical voyage, "if my husband comes on deck tell him I am taking a siesta. You know what that means?"

The bluff old captain looked somewhat bewildered, but he bowed courteously and made the promise. Some minutes later the husband came up the companionway.

"Captain," he called, "have you seen anything of my wife?"

"I have, sir," responded the old salt, "an' she told me to tell you that she is taking a sou'wester."

◆

The Chronic Plague.

Rodrick—So that chronic plague used to follow you from town to town and borrow money! Couldn't you get rid of him?"

Van Albert (wearily)—No, he came to me one day and said he guessed he had harassed me enough and if I would only give him a gun he would use it at once. In desperation I handed him my new pearl inlaid revolver.

Rodrick—And he used it?

Van Albert—You bet he did. He pawned it for $8 and then offered to sell me the ticket for eight more.

◆

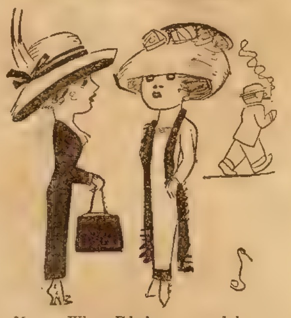
Don't Always Rise.

Traveling Journalist (in Dugout City)—I presume an editor of a paper in a booming Western town is pretty apt to rise, isn't he?

Editor Daily Boomer—No-o, not always. Sometimes the lynchers don't have any rope, and just shoot.

◆

That Awful Moment.

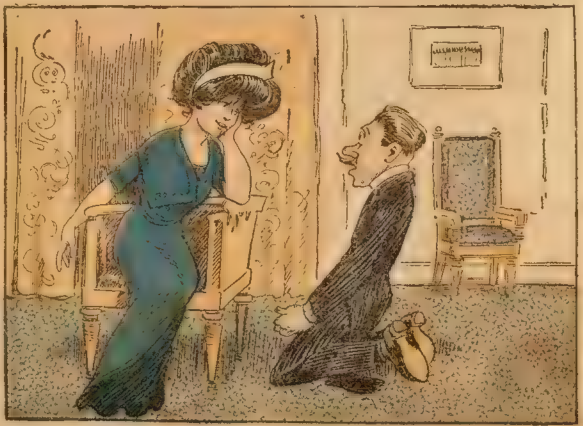


Mame—When Edwin proposed he was too excited to speak.

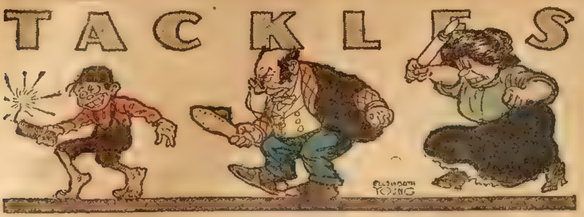
Kate—Then how did he do—write it out?

Mame—No. He just stood gasping for breath and I knew what he meant.

INVESTIGATING.



Suitor—If you refuse me I shall never love another.
Suited—Does that hold good if I accept you?



Not Complimentary.

"Well," said the young lawyer, after he had heard his new client's story, "your case appears to be good. I think we can secure a verdict without much trouble."

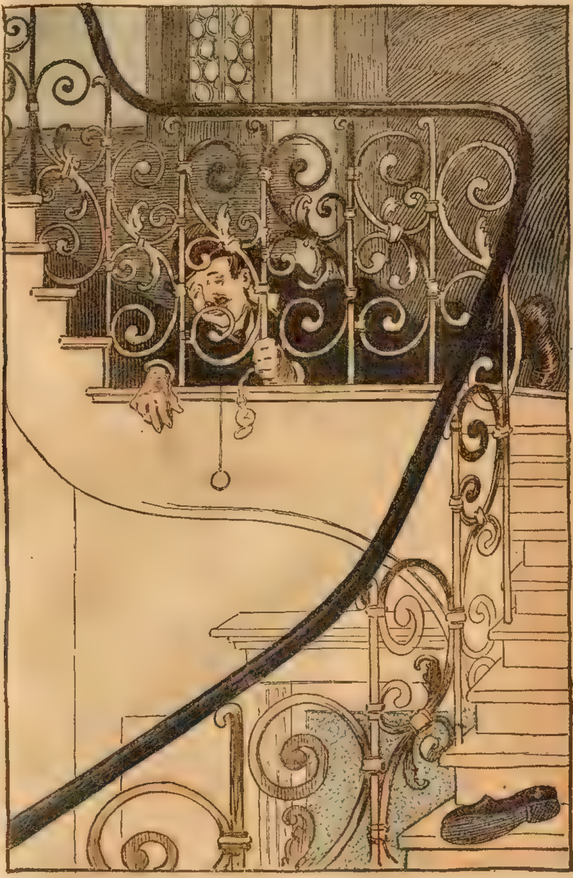
"That's what I told my wife," said the man, "and yet she insisted at first that we ought to engage a first-class lawyer."

Under Suspicion.

"I'm so sorry to hear that your daughter eloped. Does your husband take it very hard?"

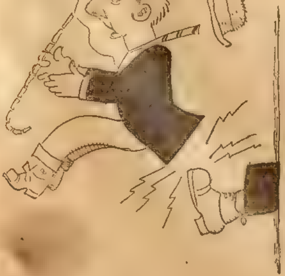
"Not half as hard as he would be taking it if he had been asked for money to buy a wedding outfit. Sometimes I'm half inclined to believe that he helped the young man put the extension ladder up to Laura's window."

BEHIND THE BARS.



Mr. Souse—Locked up agin!

Familiar Phrase.



"He was very much put out."

Migration.

They are going to the country—the box
car in their coach,
The hobo leaves the city as the springtime doth approach:
He'll sleep out in the open till the frost
comes 'round next fall,
And the slogan on his banner is, "The
farmer feeds us all."

■

Looked That Way.

"Come, Willie," said his mother, "don't be so selfish. Let your little brother play with your marbles a while."

"But," protested Willie, "he means to keep them always."

"Oh, I guess not."

"I guess, yes! 'Cause he's swallowed two o' them already."

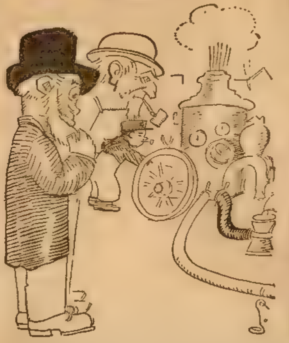
❦

Victims Scarce.

Friend—Well, doc, I suppose it will be sometime before you dispense with your automobile and start calling on your patients in an aeroplane?

Physician—I should say so. There is no chance of knocking down a few prospective patients on the way when you go in an aeroplane.

Queer.



Villager (at the trial of the fire engine in the village)—Well, that's a funny idea to boil the water to put the fire out with.

❦

Speeding the Parting Guest.

"Down at Quogue, New York," said Alfred E. Smith, Democratic leader of the Assembly, "there was a man who was unpopular with every one. As he neared his end a deacon went over to talk things over with him.

"'Well, my brother,' said the deacon, 'are you willing to go?'

"'I am.'

"'I am glad of that,' returned the deacon. 'That makes it unanimous.'"

❦

Reward of Merit.

Railroad President—That was a bad accident, but it might have been a thousand times worse. Suppose those cars had taken fire! Phew! Why didn't they?

Superintendent—A lazy brakeman had let the fires go out.

President—Raise his salary.

■

Happy Ending.

Gunner—Yes, Bilkins was the shyest bachelor you ever saw. That is why they introduced him to Miss DeFlash. She was sort of a hint to matrimony, you know.

Guyer—And how did it end?

Gunner—Oh, he took the hint.

❦

In Demand.

Rodrick—That foreign nobleman is reading the stock market and I notice his eye lingers on "A. G. Preferred." What does "A. G." stand for?

Van Albert—Associated Gas, I guess

Rodrick—H'm! I thought perhaps it meant "American Girl Preferred."

❦

Usually.

"This is a bum restaurant."

"Sh! This ain't a restaurant. It's a famous chophouse."

"Huh! Why 'chophouse?'"

"Why—er—because you have to have a hatchet to carve your steak."

■

Confusing Results.

"That erratic orator is always advocating something new."

"Yes. He says he is always ready to drink at the fount of wisdom."

"But the trouble is that he mixes his drinks."

■

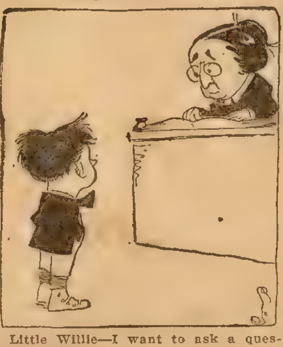
Lesson in Cause and Effect.

Fred—What's got Binks to walk like that?

Ned—Why, his wife wears a hobble skirt and he's been trying to keep step with her.

❦

Maybe Cheese?



Little Willie—I want to ask a question, teacher.

Teacher—What is it, Willie?

Little Willie—Are the Sandwich Islands ham or beef?

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David Grant's Sacrifice;

A Tale of Human Pawns

By MASON RAY

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Begun in No. 10, March 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

FOR answer the traveler strode in the direction indicated. The next moment he stood in the presence of the girl who had bent pityingly above his fever racked couch in far off Congo. Ada, clad in soft azure tinted lace, with dark eyes alight but her face paled to the hue of her collarette of pearls, stood waiting. Love had warned her of his coming. Had hastened her preparations for the imminent reception and had isolated her in the dimly lighted, white-plush upholstered music room, where the two had formerly spent many gay hours with their friends. Beautiful as a dream, speechless because of the memory of that written avowal of love, she paused waiting the result of that brazen act.

Swiftly the man was at her side, had circled her in a crushing embrace, had lifted her delicate chin with firm hand until he forced her wavering gaze to meet his own passion filled eyes.

"My darling, my sweet one," he murmured. "You dared to tell me of your love, me, the outlaw, the fugitive, vile with the filth of the jungle, dying with fever. You dared to forget conventionalities and leave me heaven's best message traced on heaven's own blue."

He held her from him at arm's length while he devoured her beauty in a long love-filled gaze, then gently folded her to him and pressed kiss after kiss on her responsive lips.

"For the moment only, good-by," he reluctantly whispered. "For one short hour good-by, you peerless woman, my wife to be!"

In the street he jostled a florist's boy hastening with a delayed package to the Brackway residence. The millionaire's closed motor was far on it way when the Brackway door opened. The kitchen maid relieved the boy of his burden and dismissed him. Then she carried the fragrant burden to Sadie's room and placed it on a stand.

Sadie, now ready for the fete, pounced on the box and opened it with eager fingers.

"Roses," she cried. "Pure white roses and buds!"

From their clustering beauty dropped a card. The name sent a glow to the girl's smooth cheek. But a line of writing caused her face to flame. She read.

"If you wear my roses tonight I shall know that the blossoms and you are mine—mine to have and to hold."

"Mary," the girl said radiantly happy, "please help me with these flowers." Her voice quivered, but her blue eyes danced. "Put them in my hair and at my waist. I must not wear jewels, but these—I'll wear these, every one."

"Hurry, sis," entreated a voice at the lower landing. "We'll be late, awfully late—and conspicuous."

Then as she descended the stairs in her gown of fluffy white with only her hair of golden sheen to give a hint of color the waiting Herbert was forced to frank outspoken admiration.

"Why, Sadie," he cried, "you look like something floating down out of the sky—an angel or—a snowflake!"

The Worthington's palatial home was a blaze of lights. Before the curb waited a long line of motors of every make and color. Herbert and Sadie presently entered the brilliant flower-garnished rooms where wealth had exhausted every possible device for entertainment. With cheeks the hue of her gown with pleasurable excitement, Sadie lingered a moment by Mrs. Worthington, then was claimed by a tall soldier who murmured,

"Thank God for the gift of my pure white rose!"

About them the prophecy of a crush had been fulfilled. The spacious rooms scintillated with the jewels and rich dresses of handsome women. Here and there, in plain garb, a watchful detective cared for the safety of priceless gems. Press representatives made mental notes for the best story of the closing year. Prominent men discussed the event of the evening or joined groups about popular women while a tenor of international fame sang to the accompaniment of a famed pianist.

Then came the moment when the company was summoned to the great banquetroom. Slowly they drifted about the richly laden tables placed under floral canopies where half concealed lights gleamed softly from ruby globes. Here the skilful seating placed every guest in position to view the host at the head table near the arch. At Mr. Worthington's left sat his wife, at his right was placed the famed exile who became the target for every eye. At either side of the host's table were ranged Herbert and Sadie, the Hammonds, Dr. Carroll and Ada. Presently the aged millionaire stood erect ready to address the expectant throng. He paused a moment as if unable to command his emotion. Silence settled over the room like the lull preceding a storm. Breathless, they waited for him to speak and formally introduce his son.

"Friends," he finally articulated, "this is to the Worthington family an eventful night. Because of this I have a toast to propose. But first I wish to present—"

At that moment Anson rudely forced his way past attendant waiters and stood at the speaker's side. His message, inaudible to the nearest, caused the man he addressed to first protest, then listen with heed, and finally to blanch white. Obediently he followed the detective from the room like one stricken dumb. David, at a sign from Anson, attended them to the door. Immediately he returned and excused the host's absence on the plea of important business and an envoy not to be denied. His signal to the orchestra filled the awkward pause with gay strains of popular music. Waiters resumed their ministrations. Every hint of awkwardness vanished, yet the diners wondered and were not convinced.

In the quiet library, whence all intruders were excluded, H. R. Worthington was confronted by a black-robed form, stared into the face hectic with excitement and fever, stared into eyes brilliant with the mania of a set purpose.

"Helena Gray!" he burst out. "You?"

"Yes, they call me Mrs. Brackway, but I am Helena Gray," the woman returned in the high note of one on the verge of delirium. "When we last met I was a girl in my father's poor home. We were soon to have been married, you and I. You left me to make arrangements for the marriage and I was busied with my wedding gown."

"What has that to do with us now?" protested the old financier. "This is no time for recrimination after all these years.

"Hush!" warned the detective. "She is half insane, but she will reveal in her own way what you had best hear. Listen!

CHAPTER XX.

"During all these years," gloated the woman, "I waited for revenge, waited to degrade you. When you deserted me with only a written word of poor excuse to marry the society woman who placed you where your father's wealth could not reach, I swore to make your heart ache even as mine had felt bitterness. Almost the same day of your ambitious marriage I became the wife of a good man. I cared little for him then, but soon I realized that he was a man of worth, as far above you as a noble man exceeds a shallow fool. But my husband was a struggling lawyer. We were desperately poor and longed foolishly for wealth. Then about the time your son was born, I held in my arms, a male child and grieved that he seemed born to grinding poverty.

"Bitter resentment filled my heart. I thought of your child being reared amid luxury. I pondered day and night concerning what my child would have enjoyed and inherited if you had been true to me. I was crazed by ambition for my son. Then came the moment of temptation. I had wheeled my infant into the great park. Your child's nurse likewise chose that spot for an afternoon in the sun and air. I had no idea of the name of the girl's employer until she explained that she was in charge of the Worthington's cherished infant. Then I eagerly scanned the babe's features. To my surprise the children lying side by side in the two carriages were identically similar.

"Satan arranged at that moment for my undoing. The maid in charge of your heir asked my permission to leave the child with me while she attended some errand—probably a lover. We were in a lone pavilion. When she had gone I accomplished the thing Satan meant me to perform. I was a resentful, sentimental fool. To my mind came instances I had read in novels of exchanged infants."

"Hasten," urged Anson. "Tell him quickly; he is near fainting."

"When the maid returned," shrilled the woman, "my boy slept in your son's priceless carriage. Your son returned home with me to poverty. The next hour I would have given my soul to undo that mad deed. Fear kept me silent. No one would have believed my word. I haunted the park seeking another opportunity to rectify my awful wrong. Then my boy while in your care received the scalp wound in a runaway that marked him for life. It was impossible to then exchange the children without detection. I was in despair. To add to my torture my child was kidnaped from your home. At the crisis I was silent because you had millions to use in prosecuting the search. When, six years later, my own boy, as David Grant, the slum child, wandered back to the city and was brought to me by my husband I instantly recognized the features, the scalp wound and believed God had forgiven me and answered my prayer."

"Go on," hoarsely demanded Worthington. "You revenged yourself by keeping from me my son after your own was restored!"

"Yes," admitted the half crazed woman, "I could not, dared not tell the whole truth. I would not again relinquish my boy. We raised him with your son and sent both to college. You," the woman said wearily, "know the rest." The speaker was exhausted. Her eyes half closed. She had accomplished her half crazed, half sane purpose. "You know the rest—my son's sacrifice," she murmured. "I suffered exquisite torture. I—" the eyes dimmed. She became quiet, huddled in a dark heap in the great leather-covered chair.

"It's over," Anson's voice told the trembling millionaire. "The effort is over."

Mr. Worthington turned toward him. Near the detective stood David Brackway and Dr. Carroll whon Anson had slipped out and summoned.

"What shall I do? How can this be righted?" the half dazed man of wealth turned to the ex-fugitive. Instinctively his first reliance was in David's clear judgment. "Will you accept us and my name? I can aid my own son secretly. What is right?"

"The truth," promptly stated the man so long known as Grant. Anson had made the matter clear to both men as they traversed the hall.

"Just how can I proceed?" queried the evening's host despairingly.

"Listen," David said sharply, that his words might waken the other to effective action. "This terrible deception has lasted too long. It must be righted before the world tonight. In five minutes I'll have Herbert put in full possession of the bare facts. He shall be quietly placed in the chair I left vacant. Then you'll return to your place and finish your introductory speech. Understand?"

"But my wife and Sadie!" he objected.

"Dr. Carroll, as her physician, has already withdrawn your wife from the banquet room. He prescribed quiet for the remainder of the evening. The others will be warned, by a penciled line handed them by the waiters. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said the old man. "I think so. I'll do whatever you say."

"You're to say nothing," David insisted sharply, "except to finish introducing your son. Explain nothing. Let the public guess what it may please. Less than fifty persons will ever know the truth. Now swallow a stiff brandy while I prepare Herbert. After you drink, come."

While David Brackway adjusted this quick revision of program, this rapid move of fate in which two grown men exchanged places as heir to the Worthington millions, Dr. Carroll used the library phone to acquaint Mrs. Taggart

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To Beauty Editor: I am so ashamed of my thin bust that I want to ask you if there is any harmless way to develop it. My hips and the rest of my body are right for the present styles and I do not want them any larger, but my bust is so flat that I would try anything that gave hope of even three or four more inches development. MARY S.

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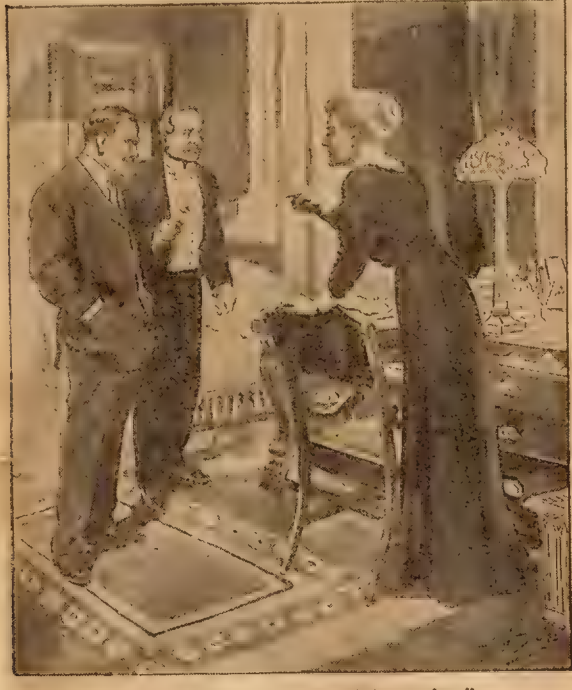

"My boy slept in your son's priceless carriage."

with necessary information. When he was given the Brackway number and had the nurse in communication he quietly elucidated.

"This is Mrs. Taggart?—Yes, I'm Dr. Carroll.—Have you missed your patient? —No? Well, don't be alarmed.—She's here with me.—She had this reception on her mind evidently and came in a spell of delirium.—No, it won't harm her in the least.—She secured a carriage.—I'll have her back in her room in fifteen minutes.—No, don't waken the judge.—The lady is all right.—In the morning she won't have the least remembrance of this experience.—That's all."

In the great supper room with its soft glow of colored lights and costly floral decorations Mr. H. R. Worthington had resumed his address. People wondered at his ashen face and trembling hands. Some imagined he had just met with a heavy financial loss. Others attributed his emotion to recovery of his long lost son. The last guessed correctly, but, not even the keenest journalist, surmised the exact truth.

"Friends," the aged millionaire resumed in tremulous tones, "when summoned from the room I was about to claim your attention while I asked you to rejoice with my wife and myself over the restoration of our son—the son who was stolen from us a quarter century ago. The singular chain of almost incredible circumstances which has resulted in this evening's happiness need not be given in detail. Allow me without further encroaching on your time and patience to present to you our son and heir Herbert Worthington."

At the word Herbert, white-faced, but outwardly calm and smiling, stood at his father's side. Amazed journalists, astonished acquaintances, wondering faces of all shades of expression, stared at the refined, delicate-appearing young lawyer who had, in a breath, usurped the place occupied by the bronzed, weather-beaten man from the far North. With quiet self-possession Herbert bowed to the upturned faces in acknowledgment of his father's presentation.

"May my parents have no occasion to regret the restoration of their son," he clearly enunciated. "And may I hope that the friendship evinced by your presence tonight, be extended to the recently discovered member of the long separated Worthington family."

Immediately the strained tension of the last half hour relaxed. J. M. Harthite, a banker, rose and proposed the health of the heir. Other toasts followed. From that time on the event moved according to previous arrangement. Prepared speeches were delivered with no hesitation except in the substitution of names and because certain references to foreign countries were suddenly inappropriate. After the expiration of the ordinary time devoted to such occasions the company vanished by twos and threes and groups. At length the great Worthington residence with its fading decorations was deserted. In the seclusion of the library Herbert Worthington faced the man who had almost borne that name and had been within a second of becoming heir to the Worthington wealth.

"David," protested the accepted heir, "this is not fair to you. I don't deserve——"

"Understand," David said with emphasis, "I'm glad of this revelation. You're fitted to the part. I'm not. Presently I shall return to the gold fields. I'll finish taking from the ground abundant wealth according to my estimate of riches. After that I'll be at liberty to follow the profession of my choice. I'm more than satisfied."

"But this scandal," suggested Herbert. "The papers will be hard to satisfy. They'll ferret out the whole story."

"There will be no published story," David stated with authority. "For my mother's sake the truth will be suppressed. No one but Anson saw her enter. Reporters may guess till they turn gray, but there will be no explanation. You were the Brackway's adopted son. That's all. Now go to your parents; your mother is waiting to receive you."

Herbert found his father and mother waiting for him in the latter's private parlor. Mrs. Worthington's pale, gentle face was eagerly turned toward the door. As Herbert entered she rose to her feet and held toward him outstretched hands.

"This is my boy," she affirmed. "I wondered at the attraction between us. It is no longer a mystery; it is the call of blood."

When released from her son's affectionate embrace she stepped back to scan his finely cut, delicately moulded features.

"See Harvey," she fondly commented. "He is my image; he has the Van Courtland style of face. Strange we never suspected the truth."

When David Brackway, no longer a nameless outcast, reached his own home he found Sadie and Captain Hammond waiting his arrival in the light-flooded hall.

"David, David!" cried Sadie with arms about his neck. "I know now why we all loved you so dearly; it was the call of blood, the attraction of kinship!"

Her blue eyes danced with joy. Her sweet face was illuminated as she voiced the declaration made in almost the identical words used by Mrs. Worthington that same hour. But the glow on Sadie's face was called into being by another matter which she presently made known.

"David," she murmured as Captain Hammond came forward to grasp the hand of his soldier comrade, "I am glad you're friends, for Frank is your future brother-in-law."

With light tread David mounted the wide stairs to his mother's dimly lighted room. Lying back among the white pillows with her countenance composed in peaceful, dreamless slumber was the returned invalid. Her hand was clasped by her husband who was seated by her side. Near him was the faithful physician, cheerful of visage and hugely contented with his patient's condition.

"Her complete recovery is assured," he whispered to the son. "The disease was mental. Now the cause is removed.

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CHAPTER XVI.

"I kinda knowed you wan't no millionaire's kid, Johnny-B," was Alf's comment when David returned the following spring to the mining camp. "You've got too much horse sense and mule stubbornness."

When informed by David of his legal name Alf rebelled.

"You must-a been hatched in a B-hive," he grumbled. "One after tother you've shed Bryant, Brink and Burton; now you spring a new one. But I tell you there hain't no use o' your expecting me to learn any more. You've got the alias habit; that's what! I'm a-going to stick to Johnny-B. A feller's memory's got a limit!"

"You have already stuck by me through thick and thin," David asserted with an affectionate glance. "You're a trump, Alf."

"Reformed tramp," corrected his friend

During the short Alaskan summer the partners rushed work on their claims. Every foot of their prehistoric beach received attention. The particles of gold, concealed for ages, were washed from frost-caked banks of sand. Each partner sent to the nearest treasury the foundation of a handsome competence. Finally the dragging hours ushered in the month set apart for the marriage of Ada Carroll and David Brackway. Alf was to close out the mining camp and follow in time for the ceremony. David started at the earliest possible moment urged by impatience and the necessity of making certain business arrangements.

"Don't fail me," David urged as he took his departure. "Remember you're to be best man. It won't be a wedding without you."

"All right, Johnny-B, I'll be there if I have to come by wireless. And six months from now I'm going home," he informed his partner. His face flamed. "Rosie Holt is going with me," he explained. "She'll be Mrs. Alfred Turner."

David Brackway's second return to his home city was traveled with ill-concealed dissatisfaction at what was, in fact, excellent train service. Nothing less than an electric current could keep pace with his desire for haste. At a small station he wearily eyed the inevitable group of waiting passengers with their trunks, satchels, bundles; the weather-beaten station house, the country village street with its two stores, its blacksmith shop and its tiny imposing hotel. He alighted a moment for the sake of a breath of wide-sweeping Montana air. His steps were idly directed toward the country inn. As he curiously glanced over the building, wondering that human beings were content to live the colorless existance of its inmates, he caught sight of a familiar face at the front window of what was possibly a sittingroom. The face was framed a full minute between the cheap lace curtains. He gave an exclamation of astonishment.

"Mrs. Gorham!" he muttered. "The woman who relieved me of handcuffs in Detroit, run against me in Alaska and now looks from the window of a Montana hotel! Who is she? What does this mean?"

The shriek of the locomotive warned him to regain his car. The dark face with its snake-like eyes had disappeared. With puzzled brow he sought a place in the smoking car while he pondered the singular reappearance of his elusive friend. Had his sister or his future wife shared his glimpse of Mrs. Gorham they would have supplied him with startling information. As it was the traveler proceeded on his way ignorant of the significant fact that the lady at the hotel window had acted in the role of chief mourner at Lanigan's interment.

As Brackway incinerated his second cigar his thoughts reverted to the man who so long evaded the law.

"Where now was Mosher, the arch criminal?" he wondered. "Would Anson ever enjoy the satisfaction of landing the outlaw he had pursued for years through every civilized country? Was it possible for vice to go free when skilled detectives lived on the trail?"

Then his mind wandered to more inviting topics. He thought of his approaching marriage, of Ada. At last the metropolis drew near with its myriad lights and urban sounds. Home was reached with its joyous greetings. The festive supper prepared in his honor was on the board. Despite his anxiety to join his fiancee he must dissemble his impatience and dine. Therefore he found himself seated opposite the judge, his father, who genially greeted him as man to man. Across the snow white linen, the silver, glass and rare china, the feast of good things spread for the wanderer, sat his proud mother. Her hair waved softly each side of her peaceful, happy countenance. Her brown eyes often sought his face. Her kind, motherly hands ministered to his needs. Sadie Hammond and her soldier husband completed the family circle. They had plans, which were animatedly discussed during the meal, of making vast improvements in the architecture of the newly purchased residence two doors west. This absorbing topic was still in its zenith when David slipped away to his betrothed.

October foliage glowed in a riot of crimson and gold. Late flowers blazed in gay clusters from rotund beds. The air became luminous with the rich tints of autumn. Then the eventful day dawned that gave to David Brackway his bride, but Alf, the guest of honor, was conspicuously absent.

They waited a half hour, 'phoned to learn if trains were delayed, then proceeded to the church. The edifice was crowded with the guests present at the famous reception, in addition to especial friends of the bride and groom. Without further delay the beautiful, impressive ceremony was solemnized, while Herbert Worthington filled the place intended for Alf, and Carrie Hammond acted as chief bridesmaid. Then a radiant, snow-white bride—looking as crystal pure as if a bit of Alaska's unsullied storm plain—walked slowly down the aisle beside her stalwart husband whose strong face showed the effects of tropic sun and Arctic blast.

The immediate relatives of each and a few invited guests had gathered about the delayed wedding breakfast at the bride's home. David still wondered at his partner's absence. "Surely," he thought, "Alf would have wired rather than keep me in suspense. This is not in keeping with the lad's active manner of disposing of appointments. Something is wrong." He glanced across the table at Anson. The detective seemed preoccupied. The costly viands before him were untasted. He sat in abstracted silence.

Then came the whir of a motor. The sound ceased at the doctor's curb where his own machine was stationed in constant readiness for a call to save life. The hall door was thrown wide and heavy steps hurried down the hall to the threshold of the diningroom.

In the opening appeared a young man of weathered visage, handsome with the flash of blue eyes and animated countenance. He had evidently been arrayed with care but now his apparel was mud splashed and torn; his collar was absent, his hat had compressed to shapeless depravity, his shoes were caked with Western clay.

"Sorry I'm late, Johnny-B," he apologized, as David met him at the door with a crushing grip of the fingers but astonished glance at his appearance.

"You're good to see late or early, day or night," his friend hastened to assure him. "But what——"

"Hoboed part way to see if I'd lost the art," explained Alf. "Result was I run up against Mr. Kawtoo's red headed special adviser, Mr. Mosher! Got help and brung him along. He's out there in the buzz wagon with his gispy wife and a pair of Montana sheriffs. Now what?"

The end.

* * *

Making an Exception.

"You see thim mountains?" exclaimed the jaunting car driver. The tourist admitted that he did see them. "Thim's the highest mountains in Oirland." "You don't say so," said the tourist. "Oi do, sir, indade! An' you see thim mountains?" went on the driver, icking the whip to another range. "Thim's the highest in the wurruld!" The tourist expressed his incredulity. "Surely not!" he protested. "Sure, it's true,' retorted the driver, bridling, "exceptin', av coorse, for thim in furrin parts."

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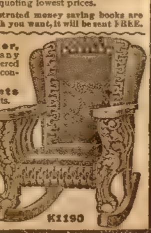

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Though a thousand years were granted
You upon this earth to live.
You have glory for your conquests,
For your failures sympathy,
If a little woman loves you
Nothing greater can there be.

Pictures Flying Bullet.

A cinematograph apparatus which takes pictures with intervals of one five-thousandth of a second has been invented by Dr. Cranz of the Military Academy of Berlin, a correspondent of the New York Sun writes. A striking example of the power of the apparatus shows a bullet fired at a bladder of water that is hung on a string.

The eye only sees a little smoke from the pistol and a couple of holes in the bladder, from which the water runs; but when this is cinematographed and the film is shown slowly a very interesting series of operations can be watched.

First the bullet is seen approaching. It is traveling 1,000 feet a second, but it seems to move quite deliberately. In front of it and extending a long way above and below it is a dim line, bent sharply immediately before the bullet. A bullet can no more pass through air than a vessel can through water without making a wave; and this is the air wave. It is made visible on account of its different density, just as the waves in air are seen above a chimney or over hot ground.

Behind the bullet come scattered grains of the powder that have not been burned, and traveling still more slowly comes the wad. The bullet enters the bladder and disappears inside, a little water spurting out of the hole it makes. Then it reaches the other side, but it no longer cuts through at once, as it did when the bladder was backed up by the water.

Something like a finger seems to push the bladder outward into a long tube, then the tube opens and let out the bullet, which gradually travels away. The tube does not at once collapse, its form is maintained by the stream of water which follows the projectile.

Pigtails.

When the Chinese boy is old enough, he grows a queue. This event in the Chinese boy's life does what the first pair of trousers does to the American boy. It changes him from a baby to a boy.

The queue has many uses. In some of the games played by the Chinese boys the queue is used in a variety of ways. In geometry it is used to strike an arc, or draw a circle. The laborer spreads a towel over his head, wraps his queue around it and makes himself a hat. Cart drivers whip their mules, and beggars scare away dogs with their queues.

When a Chinese father takes his little son out for a walk he takes hold, not of the boy's hand, but of his queue. Sometimes the child follows the father, and lest he should get lost the father gives him his queue to hold. When little boys want to play horse their queues are always ready to be used for reins.

What will happen to the little boys, now that the order has gone forth in China to cut off all pigtails?

Caught.

"I hear your husband has a bad cold. He should avoid exposure."

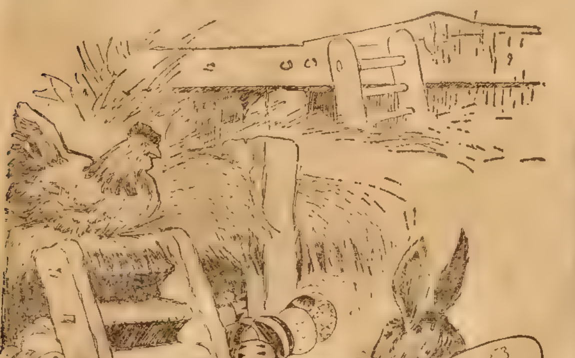
"Yes, indeed. You know he's in one of those trusts and he is trembling from the exposure even now."

Lots of Applicants.

He—What did your father say when you told him we wished to become engaged?

She—He took your name and said he'd let you know when there was a vacancy.

RUSH ORDERS!---THE DAY BEFORE EASTER.



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Delicate, nervous, weak women, who suffer from frequent headache, backache, dragging-down distress or from painful irregularities, gnawing or distressed sensation in stomach, dizzy or faint spells, see imaginary specks or spots floating before eyes, have disagreeable, catarrhal drain, prolapsus, anteversion or retroversion or other displacements of womanly organs from weakness of parts will, whether they experience many or only a few of the above symptoms, find relief and a permanent cure by using faithfully and fairly persistently Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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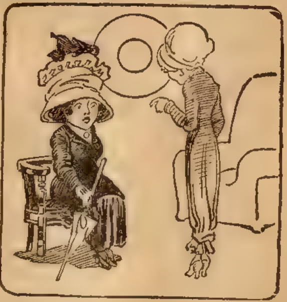
PICKLED PEPPERS

Between Friends.



Mrs. Hoyle—Everything my husband touches turns to gold.

Mrs. Boyle—Then you didn't really bleach your hair, after all?

❧

Knew the Plumber.

A young married man who lives in Brookline came home one evening last week and found his wife in tears. "Malcolm," she sobbed, "I've lost my beautiful diamond ring!"

Malcolm whistled. He had a distinct recollection of the exact sum he had paid for that stone, for he had paid for it on the monthly installment plan. "How did you happen to lose it?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't think it's lost—we can get it again, I'm almost sure. You see, the stone came out of the ring and went down the bathtub waste pipe. If we send for a plumber right away——"

"Not on your life!" shouted the husband. "I'll buy you a new ring and a better one, but I'll hire no plumber. We've had one here once before this winter."

❧

No Wonder.

Two gentlemen were talking when a seedy individual came up and spoke to one of them. After he had gone the gentleman said to his friend:

"That's a brother of mine, and about the most unfortunate fellow in the world. I have set him up in business three times."

"The last time I bought a pork shop business for him in a place called Barking. After a few weeks he wrote and said the business had all dropped off. Would I come up? I went, and the first thing that caught my eye was a ticket in the window inviting the public to 'Try Our Barking Sausages.'"

■

Bucolic Joke.

Silas—Thar goes Hiram. Every morning he feeds that prize cow of his eighteen carrots.

Cyrus—By heck, he thinks that old cow is solid gold.

Silas—Haw, haw! I reckon you'd call her eighteen carrot gold.

❧

A Steady Young Man.

"That boy of yours must be pretty well grown by this time."

"In his junior year at college."

"Is he ever inclined to be wild?"

"No; they say he's the steadiest southpaw the team ever had."

WILLING TO LISTEN.

(S. E. KISER IN JUDGE.)

He told her the old, old story;
  She patiently heard him through.
He told her about her beauty,
  And he swore that his love was true.

She knew she could never love him,
  And never would bear his name;
But he told her the old, old story,
  And it gladdened her just the same.

■

A New Interpretation.

The father of a Germantown lad had given him a 10-cent piece and a quarter of a dollar, telling him that he might put one or the other on the church's contribution plate.

At dinner the father asked the boy which coin he had given.

"Well, father," explained the youngster, "at first it seemed to me that I ought to put the quarter on the plate; but just in time I remembered the saying, 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' and I knew I could give the 10-cent piece a great deal more cheerfully. So I put that in."

❧

Completely Hypnotized.

The dentist had not advertised himself as a "painless dentist," but he pulled a patien's tooth so quickly and dexterously that the man said, "How do you manage to extract women's teeth without their screaming? You don't give gas always, of course."

"But, my office," the dentist replied, "is, as you see, opposite a department store millinery display. When the women get absorbed in looking at hats, they're insensible to pain."

❧

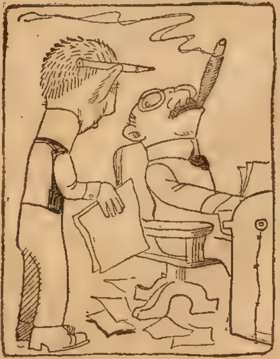
Joyous Economist.

"You don't mind high prices?"

"No," replied the resolute philosopher. "When prices are high, think how much more you save every time you decide to get along without something."

■

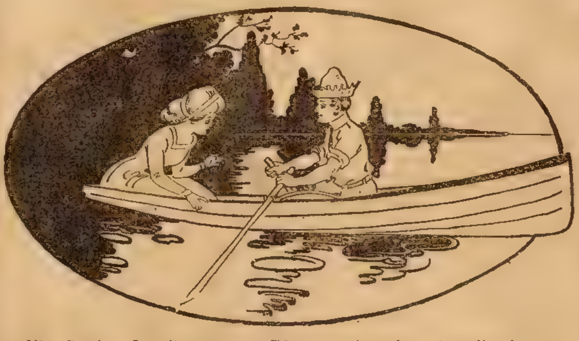
Appropriate.



Special Writer—Here is an article on the kind of milk the farmers give the summer boarders.

Editor—Oh, condense it.

WISE LAD.



Miss Grayley—I can't marry you, Edgar; you're only a struggling lawyer.
Edgar—But with your papa's money I can quit struggling instantly.

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Mr. Marcell is mailing out thousands of these books exposing the secrets of the whiskey trust on account of the trust's fight against him. Any one who is interested should write for the book, as it will be sent free.

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EDDIE'S REVOLT.

It is tough to be preceded into this world by five sisters, and for a boy to grow older and older and bigger and bigger without the sisters developing any serious symptoms of matrimony. But that is what happened to Edward Schultz, and it was something fierce. Maybe because Tessie, the eldest, had two disappointments, and it was not good etiquette for the younger ones to get married before she did, things were worse than they should have been. But Tessie's first fellow ran away and her second was taken away by a policeman because that fellow was in the habit of marrying too much.

Now, it was not because they were not desirable and good to look at and of fine disposition, though hasty, that they failed to marry. Old man Schultz could give each of them a fine piece of money, for his bakery was prosperous. They all worked in it, at the counter or serving lunches, and the nickels and dimes roll in almost as they do to the subway. And Eddie drove the wagon and delivered the rolls in the morning. But the girls did not get married, and a little sourness was allowed them, for each considered it the other's fault.

But there was one thing on which they were resolved—Eddie should not show his age. They were sure they themselves did not, or perhaps each was sure she did not, though each suspected her sisters of aging a trifle. So they kept Eddie wearing long hair until he assaulted two of them and vanquished them single-handed. Then they forced him to wear wide collars and hats with streamers on them until he again resorted to violence. Each time he won a victory, but there was one point on which the sisters united and forced the father and mother to join them—

Eddie was kept in short pants.

He licked every boy on the street for making fun of him. He fought at home until the family feared the police would be called in by the neighbors. But in the end he was subdued, and broken in spirit, he continued in the shorts.

"Whatever in the world," said Tillie, "should a mere child like him want to go and dress like a man for?"

"He is a man," sighed her mother, "such a big man, mein Eddie."

"That's just like you, maw," said Tillie, ready to cry, "because the rest of us are girls you have to go and side with the only boy in the family. You want to make us all ridiculous by sending him out dressed as if he was 40."

"He's 17," said the mother.

"He is not," answered Tillie, hotly. "He will not be 16 until his next birthday, and that comes in summer."

He would be 18 on that birthday, but the mother did not press the point. Her spirit of resistance was broken. She had been sympathy for the boy as he went about his work, silent and disconsolate.

"I won't play with kids," he said. "I ain't got any fellows my size to chum with. These girls make me sick. They're a gang of old maids."

"Eddie Schultz!" almost shrieked his sister, "you've been smoking!"

"You mind your business."

"You've been smoking cigarettes."

"I ain't; I've been smoking a pipe."

"A pipe," she gasped; "a little snip of a child like you smoking a pipe!"

He turned on her. "Now, I want to tell you something," said he. "All the neighbors are laughing at you because you're trying to keep me a kid so you can land a fellow. Everybody's on to you. Now you leave me alone or I'll make you wish you had. I'm 18, and Josie's 24, and Annie's 26, and Gert's 29—"

Before he could announce that she was 31 she made a grab at him. He eluded her and rushed into the yard.

"That child is becoming unbearable," she said to her mother. "He should be spanked."

Her mother shrugged her shoulders. "Yo," she cried in derision. "Yo, and he bigger as his father."

"That's right, side in with him. Teach him to insult his sisters."

Then Josie, who had been in the store, came in. She had heard part of the trouble and she deftly added to the row still going on. Thus before the place was closed for the evening there was a regular family consultation that left the mother in tears and the daughters more firmly resolved than ever to make Eddie understand that he was still a child. He did not come in to supper and he did not show up, as usual, for the early baking.

"You'll have to keep him in the house," began Josie.

But this time the father sternly interfered. "Halt's Maul!" he sternly commanded, and that expression, which, tersely and elegantly rendered in English, means "Shut your trap!" signified to them that the talk for the night was over. For old man Schultz, though he had grown gray and wrinkled of late, still ruled.

But he, too, worried when Eddie did not come home that night and another man had to be sent to deliver the rolls. Friends and acquaintances were communicated with. Neighbors heard of the matter and gossiped and wagged their heads. The Schultz family was in a panic, and the sisters, were in a worse panic, when, the following evening Eddie himself called up on the telephone. Tillie answered.

"I got on long pants," he said.

She screamed slightly, but leaned forward to listen.

"I got a job driving a truck," he continued.

Her breath almost stopped.

"And you can't make me come home."

A gleam of satisfaction came into her eyes.

"And I'm married!"

She almost fainted, and would have fallen if her mother, who had hurried over, had not caught her.

But the story was true. He had been in love for several months with the daughter of a respectable family to which he delivered rolls. Love always finds a way; and he had explained to the girl that the reason he wore shorts was to facilitate getting on and off the wagon.

It wasn't so very bad, though. Mr. Schultz at first was indignant and frowning. On investigation he discovered that the girl possessed an aged grandmother who held considerable good real estate, improved and unimproved, and that the girl's parents also possessed property, and that the girl herself was an only child. It was enough to make any one respectable.

And that's why Eddie came back to the bakery wearing long pants and as a partner.

"He was the first of the family to break away," explained Gertie, "but you see, he's a little older than the girls and young men when they fall in love are so hasty."

Mrs. Holzbein, a new customer, to whom she explained it, thought, in most unkindly fashion. "But no young man seems hasty about the girls who are in this store."

❧ ❧ ❧

Black Snow in Alps.

A curious natural phenomenon has been observed during the last few days in the lower Emmen valley above the Lake of Brienz, the London Pall Mall Gazette correspondent writes.

Last week the inhabitants woke up to find that it had been snowing both in the valley and on the slopes of the surrounding hills. About six inches of new snow was lying, and as far as the eye could see it was not white, but of a grayish black color, as if a thick coating of dust and soot had accumulated upon it.

It was much blacker than snow which has been lying a week in a city exposed to all the smuts of the surrounding chimneys, whereas of course in the Emmen valley there was nothing to soil it.

The only explanation which any one can offer of the phenomenon of black snow is that it may be due to volcanic ash brought by winds across the sea and the mountains from Etna, which has lately been in eruption.

Red snow, of course, is a fairly common phenomenon in the Andes and was remarked by Darwin. So far no other part of the Alps except the Emmen valley seems to have had the unpleasant experience of a fall of black snow. The snow, moreover, is getting darker and thicker here.

The inhabitants of the valley are herdsmen, who in their chalets make the famous Emmenthal cheese, while those who live on the shores of the Lake of Brienz are chiefly engaged in wood carving.

❧ ❧ ❧

Punishing Children.

Rabbi Julius Silberfeld of the B'nai Abraham temple, in High street, in addressing his congregation on the punishment of children, said: "Many fathers punish their children too severely for a misdeed, and when this happens the child goes right back and does the same thing over again. I once knew a father that tried this plan on his son. One day the father whitewashed a pole in his yard and said to his son, 'Whenever you commit a deed that you know is wrong you are to drive a nail into the pole.'

"Some time after the boy came running to his father and explained that he had filled the pole and couldn't get another nail in edgeways. Father and son went to the pole together, and then the father asked the son what he was going to do.

"Seeing his son had nothing to say, he suggested that the boy pull out a nail whenever he did anything wrong, whereupon the son replied, 'Why not plant another pole, father?'"

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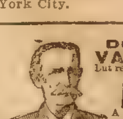

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LIVE STORIES for BOYS

Tony Tripp's Adventures;

Or, THE BOYS FROM ALLABACK'S

By Capt. Hugh Hamilton

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CHAPTER XVI.

DISSOLVING PARTNERSHIP.

WHILE Tony and Billy, the boys from Allaback's, were seeking for a loophole of escape from the cellar into which they had been thrown by the rascal Jerrold, in another part of the city one of the prominent characters of our story was playing one of his sinuous games.

Sam O'Dell, who was at heart a coward, had of late feared that his meanness would sooner or later bring him to justice and he resolved to make one bold play and get out of the tangle.

To this end on the very night of the boys' startling adventure he presented himself at the home of his partner, Jasper Sharp. He found Tony's relative at home and in no happy mood.

The moment O'Dell entered the room the face of Jasper Sharp went pale and for a few seconds he sat and looked at the scoundrel as if he wished it were in his power to put an end to his existence then and there.

"I have called," began Sam in his oily manner, "to say, Jasper, that we might come to a conclusion that would be to the advantage of both of us."

Jasper Sharp raised his head and studied the face before him.

"You know what is in the safe," continued Sam. "The papers, or rather the confession, is where I can lay hand on it at a moment's notice."

"Yes."

"You looked for it not long ago."

Jasper Sharp gave a quick start and dropped his gaze.

"You see I know pretty nearly everything that's going on. It's hard to fool me."

There was no reply and after a little silence the designing fellow went on:

"I'll sell the confession," and he leaned towards Sharp who seemed to see a ray of hope amid the darkness.

"What do you ask for it?"

"I'll be easy with you, Jasper," smiled Sam. "I'll get rid of it for ten thousand."

The face of Tony's uncle fell and he trembled.

"I haven't that sum at my command," said he in low tones. "I have been unfortunate of late."

"But you can raise the amount. Your credit is good."

"Yes, for small amounts."

"It's the bargain of a lifetime, Jasper," pursued O'Dell. "I want out of business and I have another thing on hand and a better one."

"Sam," and Jasper was hoping once more, "don't you think you ask an unreasonable sum for the—the papers?"

"It's up to you, sir. If your future isn't worth ten thousand dollars then I will go."

He rose to his feet and moved towards the door. A drawer at Jasper Sharp's elbow was partly open. In it and within plain sight lay a silver mounted revolver and the broker knew that it was loaded in its six chambers. He could snatch it from its hiding place and end the whole matter between them. They were the only tenants of the house and the shot would not be heard on the street.

"Come, Jasper," said Sam, "you don't want to think of using the weapon on me. I've prepared for that. If I am killed in this house you will not be the gainer."

Jasper groaned. He was wholly in the hands of his partner.

"It's the last offer," continued O'Dell. "It's ten thousand or your name in the newspapers tomorrow"

There was no mercy in these words. They fell coldly and with terrible distinctness from Sam O'Dell's lips.

"This house is worth the sum," said Jasper with another groan. "I own it, Sam."

"But I don't want real estate. I want the ready cash."

Slowly Jasper rose from his chair and crossed the room to a little safe in one corner. As he stooped he threw a look over his shoulder at his visitor.

"I've got some money in trust here," said he. "It is not mine. I have been taking care of it for a lady up town, a widow."

"Oh, you can pay her back in time."

"I can try," answered the broker between his teeth. "It would be robbing her."

"It's here," said he. "It's all right, Sam."

With a little chuckle the rascal rose and turned away.

"It's no longer Sharp & O'Dell," continued Jasper. "The firm stands dissolved."

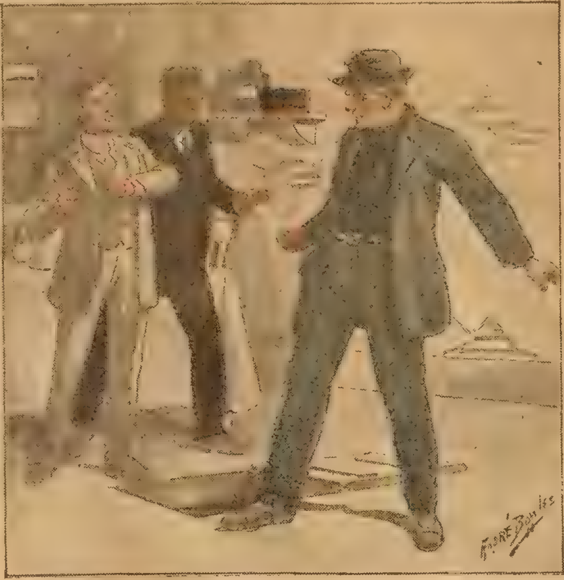
"Just as you please."

"I will never again become the partner of a scoundrel!"

"Call me all the pet names you please, Jasper," laughed O'Dell. "I can afford it."

"The time is coming when the rope will shut off your existence. You are the greatest villain unhung. I can atone for for early indiscretion, but you—you will pay for your villainy in a court of justice!"

"I reckon that Sam O'Dell is capable of taking care of himself," cried Sam. "I've taken from the safe at the office everything that belongs to me."



"What are you two young rats doing in my sanctum?"

"But it would secure the confession."

Slowly Jasper Sharp opened the safe and took out a long black pocketbook. With this in his hands he came back to the table. All the time he was regarded like a hawk by Sam O'Dell.

Jasper began to count out some crisp notes and at last he shoved them across the table towards Sam.

"There!" cried he. "There's the price of a human soul."

"Just as one views it," was the reply. "You've got the paper with you?"

Sam O'Dell put one hand into an inner pocket and took out an envelope. Sharp's eyes glistened.

As O'Dell's long hand clutched the notes he flung the envelope across the cloth.

"I keep my bargains always," said he. "Now, Jasper, you've got it at last."

The hand of Jasper Sharp caught up the envelope and opened it. A rapid glance caused him to raise his eyes and they met those of his partner.

"What have you done with Mrs. Moore's wedding jewels?"

"Got your eye on the widow, have you?" were the heartless words. "Never mind where the jewels are."

"But you've no right to them. She can redeem them at any time."

"Let me show you something," and O'Dell came back and dropped into the chair at the edge of the table.

At the same time his hand was lost in the depths of his pocket and he brought out a little package.

"Somebody robbed the safe of Evan Bates' watch and I can inform you, Jasper, that it was that nosing nephew of yours,. No, sir, here are the jewels." and he held the package before Sharp while his rat-like eyes fairly glittered.

"You're a monster, Sam O'Dell!" cried the broker.

"Of course I am. Do you think I'm going out into the world a beggar? Not much!"

"Aren't you going to restore the jewels

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to Mrs. Moore?" asked Jasper Sharp.

"I am not."

The look which passed from Jasper Sharp to O'Dell would have slain if it had been an arrow.

"I hope justice will soon overtake you. I will teach my nephew never to pattern after the likes of you."

"You may do so when find the young rat," was the response.

Jasper started visibly.

"What have you done to Tony?" he cried.

"Nothing in particular, only he and his chum have been taught a needed lesson."

"You've harmed the boy."

"Well, he'll never again interfere with a gentleman's affairs. I am the man of the hour, Jasper."

Jasper Sharp was on his feet in a moment and the revolver, suddenly snatched from the drawer, was in his hand.

"This is the height of wickedness," came from his tongue. "I should kill you where stand!"

With a practiced villain's coolness Sam O'Dell took out his watch and glanced at the dial.

"It wants ten minutes till ten," he said. "If I am not at a certain place at ten there'll be something doing. You can shoot if you want to, Jasper, but you reap the whirlwind afterward."

Tony's uncle groaned and the weapon nearly dropped from his hand.

He knew what Sam meant.

"You don't care to shoot, eh?" said O'Dell with a smile. "I thought not."

With this he put his hands in his coat pocket and slouched towards the door.

"Goodnight, Jasper," said he. "I wish you well when you start business for yourself."

He opened the door and threw a look at his late partner.

"One moment!" cried Jasper Sharp. "You are sure you haven't preserved a copy of the paper which you have just sold me?"

"You've got the original," was the reply.

"But the copy? You are keeping the copy, aren't you?"

There was no reply, but the look of O'Dell was enough. Again the broker's hand tightened on the revolver. It came up on a level with Sam O'Dell's face.

"It's but five minutes of ten now," said that worthy. "Why don't you shoot, Jasper?"

But Jasper dared not. His face went white as ashes and he dropped back into his chair. Was there ever such a man as Sam O'Dell?

"I must be going; the boys are waiting for me," he said. "I wish you good luck, Jasper."

He opened the door and flung himself into the hallway. Jasper Sharp sprang forward and called his name. The face which Sam O'Dell turned towards him he never forgot.

Not only was he looking into his old partner's eyes, but the muzzle of a revolver as well.

The broker staggered back with a gasp.

"It's a game two can play at, see?" cried Sam. "You took me unawares a moment ago, but now I'm master of the situation."

For a minute the two men glared at each other and then O'Dell stepped back.

"Don't put any one on my trail," he exclaimed. "It would hurt you, Jasper."

There was no answer.

Just as Sam gained the outer door with the gaze of Jasper Sharp riveted upon upon him it opened with a little clang.

A sharp cry leaped from Sam O'Dell's throat.

"The boy!" Jasper Sharp heard him say. "Who let you out, you little rat?"

"The cat did it, Sam O'Dell!" cried Tony Tripp. "There was a cat in the dungeon."

"And a black one at that!" almost shouted a voice behind Tony.

CHAPTER XVII.

A WOMAN INTERFERES.

Let us return to the young captives of the old cellar.

For some moments the black cat on the beam overhead sat and glared at the two companions, then with a final cry disappeared.

"Now," said Tony, "now we will see if she can lead us out of this prison."

"Go to work at once!" exclaimed Billy Bates. "I have no hankering for a long sojourn in a place like this."

Since the walls were of rough stone the boys managed to clamber up and to their surprise and joy found a hole into which no doubt the animal had darted.

"It leads somewhere," cried Tony, "and anywhere is better than this place."

With some difficulty the two boys managed to twist their nimble bodies into the dark tunnel and were soon crawling—they knew not where.

Their progress was slow and toilsome, but at last they came to the end of the tunnel and Tony uttered a cry.

"The way ends here," he said. "The cat has gone on and we are cooped up in a narrow place that promises to be worse than the cellar."

"There may be a door."

The boy felt in the dark and suddenly gave vent to a cry.

There's a little hole through which the cat may have gone, but I—wait, Billy, here's a trap door!"

"Hurrah!" almost shouted Billy Bates.

Tony had really found evidence of a trapdoor overhead and was tugging at it with all his strength.

"Can't you force it, Tony?"

"I might if there were more room in this tunnel," was the reply.

"Let's both try."

"A good idea!"

The boys exerted all their strength and to their joy forced the trap up a trifle and caught sight of a dimly lighted room.

"It's the way to freedom and vengeance!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Billy.

Drawing themselves up into the newly discovered room they soon stood on their feet and began to take notice of their surroundings. It was a small room and not well furnished. Heaps of clitter lay on the uncarpeted floor and the table was almost covered with clots of grease as if some one had burned a bad lamp in the apartment.

The room was uninhabited.

"The old place has been inhabited once," remarked Tony Tripp. "I should not be surprised if we have found a den of some kind."

They did not intend to remain in the place any longer than they could help and made preparations for an early departure. As Tony laid his hand on the latch of the one door which opened into the room the shuffling of feet startled both of them and they drew back with looks of dismay.

All at once the door was pushed open and a man came in. He was a large person and slouchingly dressed and his mien indicated that he was one of the rougher class.

His roving eyes caught sight of the boys immediately.

"What in the name of heaven are you two young rats doing in my sanctum?" he exclaimed and there was a merry tingle in his voice.

"We've just got out of the cellar," answered Tony, resolving to put on the boldest face possible and trust to luck.

"Out o' the cellar, ha? And who put you in the cellar?"

"Jerrold."

"But it can't be the cellar under this trap?"

"No, sir. We have come through a tunnel to the trap door yonder."

"That's funny. I never knew there was a tunnel to a cellar from this house though I've wondered where the trap led."

"Then you are not connected with Jerrold?"

"I am not. I have heard of Jerrold."

"And Chalk?"

"And Chalk."

"And you're not their friend?"

"Not by a long shot. But see here, young fellows. I can't have you go out and say where you found Luke Barton."

"We can keep a secret," replied Tony. "If you are Mr. Barton we needn't let the world know it."

"I don't like to trust boys. I got fooled once by doing that very thing."

"But you might trust us," said Billy. "We're from Allaback's and—"

"From Allaback's over in Jersey?" cried the man.

"Yes, sir."

"And how in the name of goodness came you two young chaps from Allaback's in New York and, most of all in, this room?"

"I've told you that Jerrold, who doesn't like us, thrust us into the old cellar."

"Oh I see. And you want me to let you out?"

"Why not, Mr. Barton?"

"It's easy to answer that question. I'm a hunted bird."

"You don't mean that you've escaped from somewhere?" ejaculated Tony.

"I'm an escaped convict, to be plain. Now you know why I can't afford to let you out."

"But we must escape. We want to get the best of Jerrold and Chalk and Sam O'Dell."

At mention of the last name Luke Barton started forward and almost jerked Tony from the floor.

"What," cried he, "do you know Sam O'Dell?"

"Yes."

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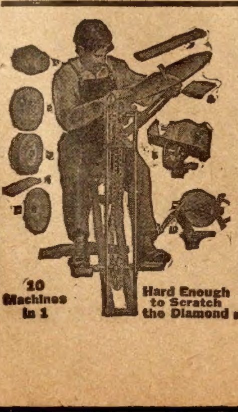
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do I. Do you know that I have se to hate that man?"

He's not a lovable man to say the ast," smiled Tony.

"I should say not. He's the man who ent me up. He testified against me and hy? Because one time I prevented him rom getting the best in a deal with a poor woman."

The two boys took hope once more. Luke Barton began to pace the floor of the little room.

"Boys, I can't. I can't trust a boy ever since one gave me away to the police."

"We'll play fair with you, Mr. Barton," pleaded Billy Bates. "We will keep your secret."

"I trusted the other boy and he betrayed me," was the reply. "I can't afford to be taken."

"And with the three rascals whom I have named plotting against good people, we can't afford to remain cooped up here."

"Go back to your cellar and get out the way you came in there."

"We can't force the door."

Luke Barton came over to where the boys stood and looked them fairly in the face.

"You look honest, hang me if you don't!" he exclaimed. "If I only thought I could put dependence in you—"

"Why don't you try us?" interrupted Tony.

There was no reply to his words and once more Barton drew back.

Suddenly there came a footstep to the ears of all and the door latch clicked.

Before Barton could reach the door it was thrown open and a young woman sprang into the room.

"Who's with you, Luke?" she cried, throwing her gaze around. The next moment it alighted on the boys from Allaback's and she fell back a step.

"Who are they, Luke?" she asked.

"Oh, they're two young rats who got into the place by a tunnel under the floor from an old cellar that belongs to the next house."

The young girl leaned towards Tony and Billy and eyed them closely.

"And they'll peach on you if we let them out, eh?"

"They say they won't, Jess, but I can't trust boys."

"That's so, Luke. It was a boy who betrayed you the other time."

"That's just what I've been telling 'em."

For half a minute the girl called Jess studied the faces that confronted her and then she looked at her companion.

"They don't look much like city rats," she said with a smile.

"They're from Allaback's in Jersey."

"I'll test them," and Jess plucked Tony's sleeves. "See here, boys," she went on. "Do you know Jothan Tulkhorn?"

Billy uttered a little cry.

"Don't we, though? It's old John who lives on the hill back of the mill and makes willow baskets."

Jess nodded.

"Do you know Amos Stafford?"

"The crippled man who blacksmiths?"

"Yes."

"We know the whole kit of them!" Billy cried.

She turned once more to Luke Barton.

"They're from Allaback's sure enough," said she.

"See here," ventured the curious Billy, "aren't you Sue Safford and not Jess Somebody."

The young girl uttered a cry and her face went deathly pale.

"Allaback's has been looking for you ever since the night you went away. They dragged the pond and hunted the woods all over and at last gave you up. It's Sue, Tony!"

The girl did not reply. Her gaze wandered from the two boys and rested blankly on the wall.

"Your mother's dead, Sue," continued Billy. "She waited for you so long and at last gave up."

There came from the girl's throat a heart rending cry and she tottered forward.

Before Luke Barton could catch her she had fallen to the floor where she lay on her face to the horror of the two startled boys.

"She's my wife!" cried Luke Barton, as he stooped over the motionless figure. "She's going to make a better man of me and I will not be betrayed."

He picked the girl up and held her for a moment in his arms.

A smile at last came to her white face.

"They won't betray you, Luke," she gasped. "They come from Allaback's where everybody is honest."

"I wish I could think so," said the man doubtingly.

"I'll vouch for them," was the reply. "I'll be their hostage, Luke. Let them go."

"I'll do anything in the world for you, Jess," was the answer. "Out they go!"

Still carrying the girl on his strong arm the convict crossed the room and opened the door.

"You're free," he said to Tony and Billy.

"A thousand thanks, Mr. Barton," began Tony when a hand waved him into silence.

"Don't thank me but this woman here," and his gaze dropped to the face in his grasp.

The next moment the boys from Allaback's had the house behind them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

It thus came about that Tony and Billy were enabled to appear at Jasper Sharp's just as Sam O'Dell, having accomplished his purpose, was about to escape.

The sleek ruffian turned pale when he found himself confronted by the boys. He seemed to forget all about the weapon which he still held in his hand.

The surprise of Jasper Sharp was as great as that of his former partner.

Sam would have pushed past the boys, but they suddenly threw themselves between him and the door and, disregarding the menace of his revolver, Tony exclaimed:

"I guess you know about the dungeon more than you care to tell now, Mr. O'Dell."

The answer was a vicious snarl.

"You'll let me out," said he. "Jasper yonder will counsel it."

Sure enough the broker nodded to the boys and they drew aside while Sam O'Dell opened the door and was gone.

"Now," said Jasepr, "tell me everything. What about the cat and the dungeon?"

He became an interested listener to the story Tony spun for his benefit and at the conclusion a smile came to his lips.

"I am shut of Sam O'Dell at last, Tony," he exclaimed. "He and I have dissolved partnership."

"That's good news, uncle. I hope the rascal didn't make a last grand play and rob you."

"Never mind what passed between us," was the reply. "We are two from this moment."

An hour later the boys sat in their room in De Koven street. They had escaped the wiles of Jerrold and the gang could congratulate each other to the limit.

"I don't like to think of those fellows remaining at large," Billy said. "They should be behind bars, Jenkins with the rest."

"If he gets his clutches fairly on Tobias Green the old man will be stripped of the savings of years."

"What o'clock is it, Tony?"

"Just half past ten."

"Then Tobias may be open yet. Why not go down and unmask Jenkins?"

"He might not take our visit kindly."

"We could try."

"Here's a go, then."

Mr. Green was just closing for the night as the boys from Allaback's entered his little store. He greeted them good naturedly and invited them back.

In a few minutes Tony had narrated their adventures and besides he told how they had seen Jenkins in the park with Sam O'Dell and also detailed the policeman's opinion of him.

"Can it be true?" asked the old man. "He seemed such a nice person and appeared to be a perfect gentleman. I know these policemen know all the rogues in the city and if that one said Jenkins is one why, I will have to knock under."

"Of course, Mr. Green. We know that Sam O'Dell is one of the worst of scamps and he plays the honest gentleman. Jenkins and Jerrold and Chalk are birds of the same feather."

"It hardly seems possible and yet you are convincing. I'll call Mr. Jenkins down."

"Is he upstairs now?"

"He went up about half an hour ago."

"If you will wait till I get a policeman you may call him. It wouldn't do to play our hand till we're ready."

Tony bolted off and fortunately found an officer on the nearest corner to whom he told his story as briefly as possible.

"We've been trying to get a chance at Jenkins for months," said the policeman. "So he is up to his old tricks of swindling countrymen? I'm not surprised to hear that he may be associated with such sharps as Jerrold and Chalk. As for Sam O'Dell, the broker, I had a little better opinion of him."

Tony was accompanied back to the store by the policeman who was accosted by Tobias Green the moment he entered.

"Mr. Jenkins has some visitors," said the old Jerseyman. "I've just heard several men go up the stairs."

"We may be able to bag the whole outfit," grinned the officer. "It would surely be killing two birds with one stone."

The stairway which led to the room occupied by Jenkins over Mr. Green's store opened upon the sidewalk and in a short time the policeman, followed by Tony and Billy, were on the steps.

The officer advanced with a good deal of courage and stopped on the landing above.

The boys caught the sound of voices beyond the door and waited for the policeman to knock.

Instead of doing this the hand of the blue-coated officer turned the knob and pushed the door open.

The sight that greeted the boys from Allaback's was enough to stir the most sluggish blood. A table stood in the middle of the room and a drop-light was suspended over it.

Around the table sat four men, Jerrold, Chalk, Jenkins and Sam O'Dell. It was apparent that the officer was as much surprised as the boys.

The moment the quartette caught sight of the policeman they drew back and stared at him. He remained as motionless as a stone statue.

"What's wanting, officer?" asked Sam O'Dell. who was the first of the gang to find his tongue.

The next moment the eyes of Jerrold fell upon the two boys and his otherwise impassive face went white.

He seemed to take in the whole situation at a glance.

"You will remain where you are, all of you," said the officer. "You are under arrest."

"Not all of us, surely," cried O'Dell. "I am just calling on Mr. Jenkins here—"

"You will make explanations at the station," interrupted the policeman who had dealt with city sharps nearly all his life. "No doubt you can clear yourself, but you must obey."

There was a show of resistance on the part of Jerrold and Chalk, but the determined mien of the man who faced them soon drooped their feathers.

The officer went to Mr. Jenkins' phone in one corner of the room and called a number at which the face of that worthy went pallid.

Then the officer came back to the table and coolly sat down while Tony and Billy remained standing, waiting for the next move on the board.

"There's some mistake here," suddenly said O'Dell, rising to his feet.

"No mistake at all," answered Tony Tripp. "I'll prefer charges against you."

"You, little Jersey rat?" almost roared the man.

"Yes, sir. You have robbed Mrs. Moore of her wedding jewels. You sent a lame man to the house to steal the pawn ticket and within the last hour you've levied blackmail."

"Has Jasper Sharp told you?" cried Sam.

"Yes, and stands ready to pay you back for your villainy."

Mr. O'Dell sank back in his chair.

Presently there came to the ears of all the tramp of men on the stairs and a sergeant of police and five men filed into the apartment.

"It's quite a haul, officer," ejaculated the sergeant. "What are the charges?"

"General lawbreaking for the present," was the reply. "You can make your spiel at the station." The last words were addressed to the four speechless worthies.

"I guess this is enough for one night," said Billy to Tony as they left Tobias Green's store and turned their faces homeward. "The birds were fairly caught and won't be likely to give us trouble very soon."

"Well, we saved Tobias a lot of trouble anyhow and have probably forever rescued Uncle Jasper from the toils of Sam O'Dell."

When it came to searching the prisoners at the station a little packet was found on O'Dell's person and it turned out to contain the wedding jewels of the widow on Pineapple street, and the large roll of money which was discovered in the same pocket was the amount which Jasper Sharp had paid the rascal for the confession of a little wrong doing of his.

The next morning the newspapers were full of the arrest of the four and Tony and his chum were given a good deal of the credit.

"We're getting our names in the papers," smiled Billy, as he held the sheet up to Tony after reading the account. "I guess I'll send this paper to Allaback's. The boys there would like to read it and it is better than a letter."

Send it home he did and then they went down to the police station to see the prisoners arraigned. Never before had such a lot of crestfallen men appeared in the presence of the police judge.

SEND us a trial order TODAY for HAYNER fine old Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey on our positive guarantee you will find it the richest, purest, most delicious whiskey you ever tasted—or it will not cost you one cent.

THAT guarantee is as fair and square as we know how to make it. It means what it says. It is a guarantee backed by our $500,000 capital and our 46 years reputation for honorable business dealings.

Send us your order for four quarts of this magnificent Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey. When it arrives, open one, two or all of the bottles—TRY the whiskey—and if you don't find it all that we claim, and up to your highest expectations in every way, send it back at our expense—and we will return every cent of your money.

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Note the price—only 80 cents a quart (express paid) for this highest grade bottled-in-bond whiskey—a whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under U. S. Government supervision—and every bottle sealed with the Government's official bottled-in-bond stamp—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey—fully aged—full 100% proof—and full measure—and absolutely PURE to the very last drop.

4 FULL QUARTS $3.20 IN STRONG SEALED CASE WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES

LET us show you what a magnificent quality we are producing. Let us convince you of the great saving our "DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY" plan of selling means to you.

Don't put it off. Use the coupon below—fill it out and mail it to our nearest Office and Shipping Depot—and we will surprise and delight you with the quality of the goods we will send you.

Remember, you take no chances. WE take all the risk—and we stand all the expense if we fail to please you.

No letter is necessary—

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THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY

Enclosed find $3.20 for which send me FOUR full quart bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—express paid—as per your offer. It is understood that if this whiskey is not found as represented and satisfactory to me in every way, it may be returned at your expense—and my $3.20 is to be promptly refunded. B-30

Name ______

Address ______

______

No orders filled for less than 4 quarts

Orders for Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington or Wyoming must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid. 4-N

DISTILLERY No. 2
10th District, Ohio.
Established 1866.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, DEPT. B-30
DAYTON, O. ST. LOUIS, MO. ST. PAUL, MINN. NEW ORLEANS, LA. JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

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GUARANTEED UNDER THE FOOD AND DRUGS ACT JUNE 30 1906 SERIAL NO. 1401
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PRIVATE STOCK
WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND
THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY
DISTILLERY NO. 2 10TH DISTRICT, TROY, OHIO
OFFICES & SHIPPING DEPOTS
ST. LOUIS, MO. ST. PAUL, MINN.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA. DAYTON, OHIO NEW ORLEANS

They were promptly locked up again for trial and the boys turned away.

Ten days later a new sign appeared on a certain doorway in the Mohawk Building and a good many people were surprised to read:

SHARP & TRIPP.
Loans and Brokerage.
All Clients Fairly Treated.

Uncle Jasper had put the old past behind him and, with Sam O'Dell out of the way, he resolved to be forever an honest man, a resolution which he faithfully kept.

Tony had the pleasure, as well as the satisfaction, of returning the wedding jewels to Vesta Moore's mother and now of evenings he might have been found beneath the widow's roof.

Billy soon afterward left his employer and accepted a desk in Tony's office and the boys from Allaback's were on the high road to fame and fortune.

[illegible]nkins and his associates in crime were given the limit of the law for their misdeeds and business prospered at the office in Gold street.

One afternoon, as Billy was straightening up some papers on the table, he heard a peculiar whine and upon looking around he discovered a gigantic black cat rubbing against his leg.

"Here's our friend of the cellar, Tony!" he cried, making a dive for the animal. "We'll keep her for a mascot."

"It looks like the same cat, Billy—"

"We'll call her the same one, anyhow. I'll sit right down and tell the boys at Allaback's how the cat came back."

And while he was penning the letter the animal sprang upon the desk and, with the greatest familiarity, curled up among the papers and went to sleep, to the amusement of the two boys.

Next week another splendid story for boys will begin in the Ledger. It is called "The Young Castaways; or, Wild Adventures in Honduras." It will keep you awake and guessing. Read it sure.

The end.

* * *

Conquest of the Moon.

(Continued from page seven.)

"But why, monsieur, do you want to go to the moon ahead of Monsieur Babcock?"

While Raymond debated with himself the nature of his reply, the little bell in the adjacent room again tinkled and the secretary withdrew as hastily as he had before. In a moment he was back.

"Jeroc," he began with a trace of embarrassment, "there is something up there that we—I want to get up there—something mighty valuable. I can't tell you all about it now. But if you can carry this thing through, if you can build this machine, get all Babcock's secrets how to run it up there and back with safety—that is, reasonable safety, I will undertake to promise you fifty thousand dollars."

"Feefty thousand dollairs for ze trip to ze moon? Feefty thousand to risk my life so? Feefty thousand to go up and nevaire come down again? No, saire. Eet ees too cheap—too cheap!" and the Frenchman with a shrug turned away.

"Well, a hundred thousand then," offered Raymond.

"A hundred thousand? Well, that ees some bettaire, monsieur, but look! No man that has evaire flown has gone higher than twenty miles. And he was near dead when he came back. Thees trip ees not twenty miles but ten thousand times twenty miles and then some more. Pouf! Eet ees not enough money, monsieur!"

"Two hundred thousand then," dickered Raymond nervously, "and that's as high as I'll go."

"Monsieur, make it three hundred and I'll get to ze moon before Babcock"—Jeroc pushed his lips close to the secretary's ear, "even eef I have to keel him to do eet! Mind you, monsieur, to keel him!" and with a scowl that betrayed the murder in his heart the Frenchman brought down his fist upon the blue-prints with a crash.

"That's just the idea I was thinking about suggesting to you," muttered Raymond. "Get there first if you have to kill Babcock to do it."

"That weel be easy, too," responded Jeroc. "I know the way now."

And crafty John Dorgan, instigator of the whole cold-blooded scheme, sitting in the gloom of the adjacent room, grinned exultingly.

This extraordinary story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. A lot of strange and exciting things happen. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

Deeply Interested.

Mabel—Oh, I'm just awfully interested in baseball! I have a cousin who belongs to a college bunch.

George—Indeed! And what position does he play?

Mabel—Well, I forget just now whether he's a knocker or a stopper.

STONE STATESMEN.

Statuary Hall, in the Capitol, is the place where the States set up statues of dead statesmen as a warning to the living.

Any statesman who ever had any aspirations to be great usually is cured after one look at the statues there. No matter how loudly the call of fame sounds to his ears he is apt to think twice before he takes a step that will put him on a pedestal in a pair of baggy trousers and a coat that hikes up in the collar.

In an age when statesmen wore a different style of clothing than is now the fashion, a statue, when turned out by a skilled union statue builder, frequently was not only a work of art, but looked something like the person it was intended to represent. In the days of togas and such like flowing raiment, when statesmen went bare legged and two-button vests and swallow-tailed coats were unknown, statues were all right, and it was worth a statesman's while to conduct himself in such a manner as to win one after he became cold in death. Julius Caesar, for instance, looks all right in a statue, with a spear in his hand and his shield thrown gracefully over one shoulder. Most any Roman or Grecian gentleman who isn't hopelessly bow legged looks well in a statue—James M. Hercules, Hon. Ezra H. Pericles, Simon K. Tiberius and others are examples that could be cited. They were brawny chested citizens with lumpy shoulders and gnarled, knotty knees; and doubtless had the sculptor dressed them in frock coats, patent leather shoes and long pants they wouldn't appear any different from an American citizen hewn out of New Hampshire granite, but being dressed in table cloths with a little insertion around the edges, they can get away with it.

With all due respect for the late framers of the constitution, they were not, as a rule, built on physical lines adapted to being gracefully reproduced in cold marble, particularly when the sculpturing is done by infant prodigy home talent. We have the greatest admiration for the five-pronged intellect possessed by the late Mr. Sam Adams of Massachusetts. He spoke some of the best pieces ever heard in Boston, at a time when every patriot was working overtime thinking up sassy things to say about the King of England. It is to Mr. Adams that American history is chiefly indebted for the notion that George III. was a deep, wily, clever tyrant—when as a matter of fact he was a harmless old gentleman, subject to fits, and passed most of his time tied up to the bedpost counting buttons on his vest. But, to get back to the point, Mr. Adams, while endowed with an intellect that would give an ordinary man a headache, was not exactly an Apollo in form. Pondering over state questions had given him something closely akin to a double chin, and even the tongue of flattery would hesitate to ascribe to him anything that could be described as a waist line. Had Mr. Adams been a Roman proconsul the sculptor would have represented him in a bathrobe, with a battle ax in his hand, and such little physical defects as have been pointed out would not be noticed. But attired as a substantial citizen of Boston, at a time when tailors were still proceeding on the theory that the masculine form was a thing of beauty and adorned in knee pants, a spike-tailed coat and a frilled shirt, the Massachusetts patriot does not look to the average spectator like a man capable of teetering the throne of England until the occupant is ready to shin down and crawl under the royal bed for safety.

Some improvement in the general effects at Statuary Hall might be produced if the sculptors did better team work. A convention of Statuary Hall sculptors which would adopt rules and regulations and some sort of uniform specifications undoubtedly would make for good. The first thing such cooperation should strive for should be a standardization of statues as to size. As it is, no two are executed on the same scale, and a result what might be called the sky line of Statuary Hall is very bad. Artistic consideration aside, the conclusions invited by comparisons are most unjust to the statesmen represented. Some are giants in size and some are dwarfs. Uniformity of style in the matter of clothes also would work improvement. It is not too harsh a criticism to say that the average fit of clothing in Statuary Hall is very poor, and a good consulting tailor would not be a bad addition to the staff of sculptors. No matter how powerful a statesman's intellect may be, he does not appear to advantage in a coat that binds under the arms. It gives him an irritated look. Any one who has dug a dress suit of the closet that he has not worn since he read his graduation essay and attempts to put it on knows exactly how these marble statesmen feel.

Still, as has been pointed out, Statuary Hall has its uses. Aspiring Congressmen who pass through it every day derive therefrom a wholesome chastening effect such as could be conveyed in no other way, except perhaps by the reversal of the majority in their districts. Viewing thus the reward of greatness and realizing what may be coming to them when they are no longer here to protest, statesmen not only straightaway resolve to live as long as possible, but to live in such a way as to precipitate a deadlock in the Legislature when the proposal comes up to provide statues of them in the Capitol.

* * *

Out of Sight.

"My doctor told me I would have to stop eating much meat."

"Did you laugh him to scorn?"

"I did at first. But when he sent in his bill I found he was right."

Never.

"Don't you wish you could live your life over again?"

"I should say not. I've got a twenty-year endowment policy maturing next month."

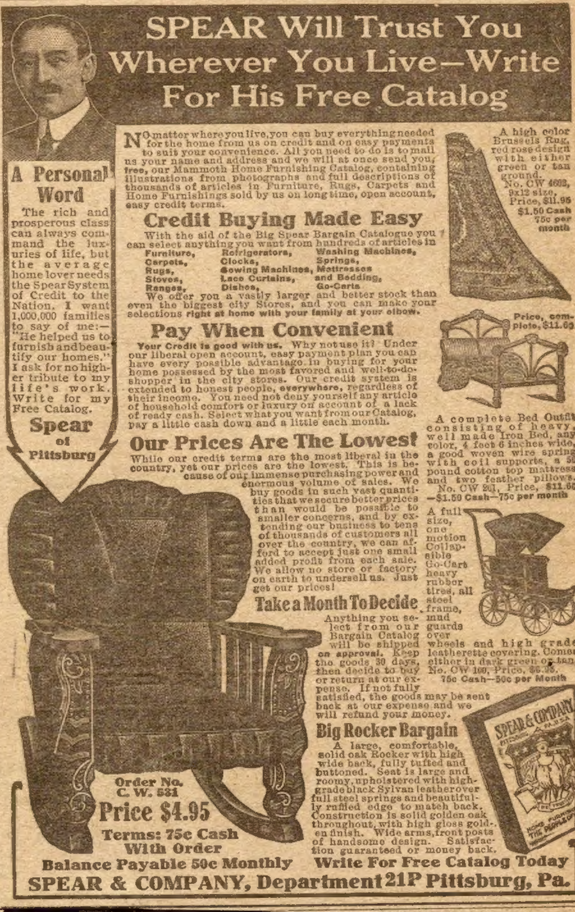
* * *

Complicated.

"Where's that umbrella I lent you?"

"Jones borrowed it. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Only the fellow I borrowed it from says the owner has been asking him for it."



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SPEAR & COMPANY, Department 21P Pittsburg, Pa.

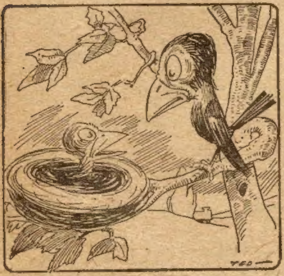
For Youthful Eyes

NATURE STUDY.

This dear little goose of a girlie,
Who ever had notions like hers?
"If I lived in an evergreen forest,
I'd never be cold," she avers.
And how could that happen, my dearest?
"Why, 'cause"—her reply is the clearest—
"I'd go to the fir tree that's nearest,
And buy me a nice set of firs!"

❦

Her Scheme.



Mother Bird—Be good, little one, always remember to be good.

Baby Bird—I don't want to be too good, ma, I might go to church on an Easter hat.

❦

Scads of Eggs.

One spring night when the moon was lighting up the meadows till they were almost as bright as day, the Easter hares held an indignation meeting.

Easter was coming, they were expected to provide Easter eggs, and just plain eggs were selling at six for a quarter.

"We simply cannot do it!" And they repeated it to each other fervently, over and over, until at last they got quite excited about it and decided that there were to be no Easter eggs that year.

So they printed notices, saying:

"NO EASTER EGGS THIS YEAR."

and hung them on the bushes by the roadside and then crept back to their holes and settled down to sleep comfortably through the day.

But just as they had got comfortably asleep they were awakened by a strange and mournful sound. Sleepily they rubbed their eyes with their long ears and tried to imagine what it was. But they couldn't guess, so not being able to sleep on account of the noise they crept to the entrances of their holes and peeped out. And what do you suppose they saw? A whole bunch of school children standing before the notices they had hung on the bushes, and crying just as hard as they could.

The rabbits were much distressed at the children's tears, so that night they called another meeting and decided to appeal to the hens to help them. The hens said they would do their best, and

the candy or maple wax. Mix enough water with some maple sugar to dissolve it and set on a fire to cook. When this hardens in cold water it is done. Fill the shell with the hot maple wax, keeping the egg in an upright position. Enlarge one hole to do it. Then set it away to cool. When the wax is cold and hard, paste an artificial daisy over the opening. The candy is delicious and will remain hard and firm for a long time.

❦

Bow-Wow.

When the train between Alton and St. Louis stopped out in the country one day the passengers wondered what was the matter. They wondered more when they saw a woman get down from the train into the snow and walk back the way they had come, while the train went on. It was Mrs. Buckles, and she was looking for her poodle dog. The dog had been left in the baggage car, and he had jumped out into the snow. The conductor went to Mrs. Buckles and told her about it, and she made him stop the train so that she could get out and look for her poodle. She found the dog, and then she went to a farmhouse and got some one to drive her to the station so that she and the dog could get another train.

❦

Coming.

"I couldn't think of a thing to give up for Lent."

"That so?"

"Yes, and when I remarked as much in the bosom of my family my wife and daughters told me I could put in the time getting ready to give up for Easter."

❦

After Money.

Bill—I see that one out of every ten letters passing through the Russian postoffice is opened on general principles.

Jill—Gee! There isn't money in as many as that, is there?

EDITOR'S DILEMMA.

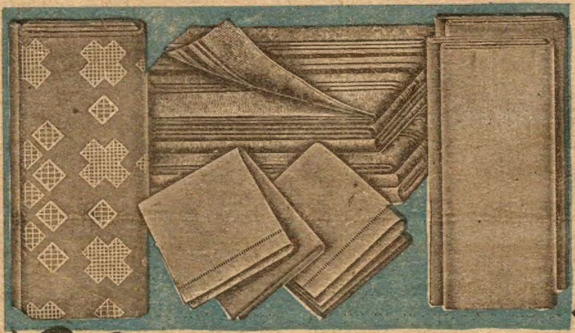
Eggs for breakfast,
Eggs for supper,
Eggs for dinner time and lunc
Eggs between the dainty sandv
That at noon we stop to muncl
Eggs in omelet,
Fried and scrambled,
Hard boiled, soft boiled,
Eggs brochette;
Eggs to pick with,
Plain or colored;
Eggs to eat
And eggs to set,
Eggs of Easter,
Heaven help us,
If it keeps on
This way long,
We'll begin to put forth feathers
And to cackle
Forth our song!

❦

The thorn of the rose doesn't tr
the chap who knows how to pluck it

FREE To Every LADY READE

this Beautiful and Durab



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Here is a lifetime opportunity whereby every woman in the United States can get this handsome, expensive, 7-piece Bed Set, ***Absolutely Free.*** This Bed Set consists of 2 Blankets, 2 Bleached Sheets, 2 Bleached Pillow Cases and 1 large, White Bed Spread—7 full size pieces in all. All we ask is, that you sell a few cans of our Perfection Baking Powder and the Bed Set is yours. You can realize how easily, and with what little effort you can do this, for a full size, cut glass pattern pitcher and 6 glasses are included with each can of Baking Powder, etc., in our Offer No. 420. But this is not all. To every lady who sends in her name and address right away, we will give, in addition, as a Special Premium, ***Absolutely Free,*** the handsome and durable 6-Piece French Gray Enamelware Set, described below, with first order. You can't realize what a big offer this is until you see these beautiful premiums.

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